

MARCH No. 51

SICK

SUPER SPIES

MOTORCYCLE MANIACS

RICH KID

SPOOF

30¢

PDC

LET US
ENTERTAIN YOU



BOB
TAYLOR

Welcome to the Diner's Club!



EXPOSÉ SICK JOINS A MOTOR- PSYCHO CLUB



No. 51

Volume 7, No. 3

March, 1967

SICK'S ALL-AMERICA TEAM

A funny thing happened after SICK selected this 100% All-America team, — they were all deported! These selections were based on ability, teamwork, fortitude and mainly bribery — from the guys who gave us money to select them!

3

THE ROADENTS

In this article SICK rides along with a typical motorpsycho club — maniacs who do 120 miles an hour. And this is just backing out of the driveway!

9

THE MAD COMPUTERS

Episode Two dealing with these fantastic machines that tell you what to do, what to think, what to wear, etc. — in the past we called them "mothers." This article shows that computers have advanced so far that there's a new one for every need — in fact, if you have a special problem they even have a computer that recommends you to another computer!

17

SUPER SPIES TV SPECIAL

A complicated TV mishmash in which various super spies get involved with one another — a mishmash so complicated that Inspector Waverly winds up getting the girl! This is the story of a spy who goes to work in Woolworth's and becomes a counter-spy — and winds up being an undercover agent in a Turkish Bath!

26

TEENMAN

This time out, Teenman tackles the draft dodgers of this country — guys so tough that instead of burning their draft cards they burn their draft **boards**! It all started when Teenman saw a sign "Draft Dodgers" and got very mad — he happens to be a Los Angeles Baseball fan!

32

RICH KID'S SCRAPBOOK

A profile of a rich kid — a kid so rich that as a baby the Hope Diamond was thrown into his crib as a pacifier! To show you what a wealthy family this kid comes from — you go to his home for dinner and they serve money!

38

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ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

Good Evening ladies and gentlemen. Tonight we have a really big, really big, really big shhheeeewwwww. We're going to have the famous Bantu Pygmies shoot 5,000 poison darts into the audience. Also we'll have on this stage one million trained bees to hum "April Showers". But our first presentation tonight will be the Kook Magazine All American Football Team. I think tonight's show will be the biggest sheewww we ever had. The right end's shoe size is 22, Triple "E". That's really a big, really big, sheewww. Let's take it away!

Script by
Calvin Castine

BOB TAYLOR

At right end, at 6'3", 226 lbs., from Seagram University, Sabu Suds. Congratulations, Sabu.

Sabu, try and stand up.

Suds was the best tight end ever at Seagram U. He was bombed out for 10 consecutive games. He really ran some crazy patterns. Tell me Sabu, what's the secret to your great pass catching?

Hic! I'sh very simble. I already shuffer from double vision, and when I get loaded I see double. So when the ball is thrown I see four of them. I got to catch one of them!

Right Guard at 5'9", 271 lbs., from Arm Pit A&M, DeWitt Leif Kettle.

DeWitt, was the Committee's only unanimous choice. They felt he needed Right Guard more than anybody else in the country. DeWitt was unable to attend today, he's being boiled in Dial soap.

Center at 6'4", 231 lbs., from Ex-Lax State Teachers: Herod McClung
It says here, Herod, that you never made a bad pass in your four years at Ex-Lax. That's tremendous. How do you account for that?

We never had the ball. Our players fumbled every kickoff for four years.

Left Guard, 3'2", 97 lbs., from Massachusetts Institute of Pygmies: Rimske Crush...

Rimske, don't you find it pretty rough playing against those big guys?

Playing dirty helps a lot. I'll throw dirt in their eyes or eavesdrop on their huddle. Sometimes I put oil on the ball.

You're a real scrapper.

Left Tackle, 6'2", 227 lbs., from Rat Fink University: Pierpont Ott...

Your greatest game was against the Sing Sing Lifers when you made 24 unassisted tackles.

Yeah, it's a shame 20 of those tackles were against the referee. But I couldn't tell them apart.

Don't be modest, you still tackled four of them.

That's true, but they didn't move too well with those balls and chains.

Left End, 6'5", 220 lbs., from Benedict Arnold College: Elihu Greenleaf Fizz...

Elihu, you were lonesome end at Benedict Arnold. Didn't you ever go into the huddle?

No, I wasn't allowed.



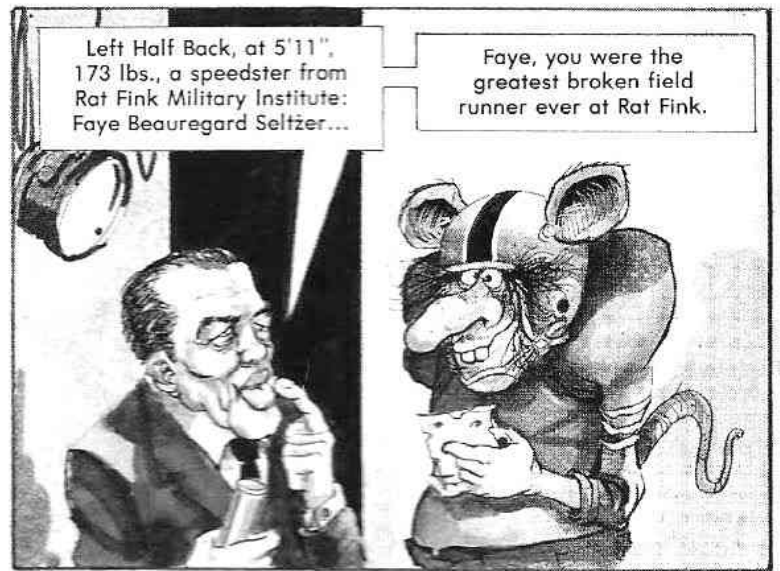
Oh I see, this would add more deception to your offense.

No, I had dirty underwear.

B. O., you know.

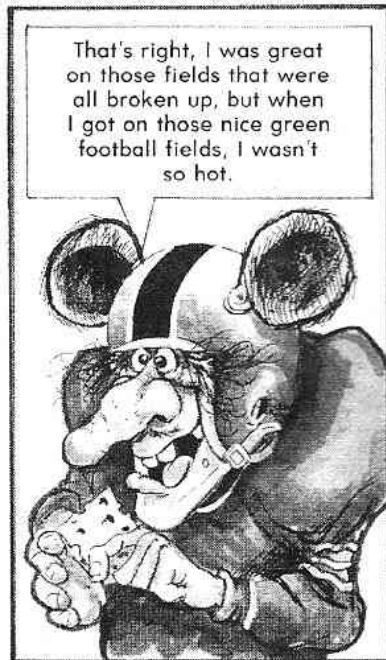
Who thought up that offense?

Our coach, Katy Winters.

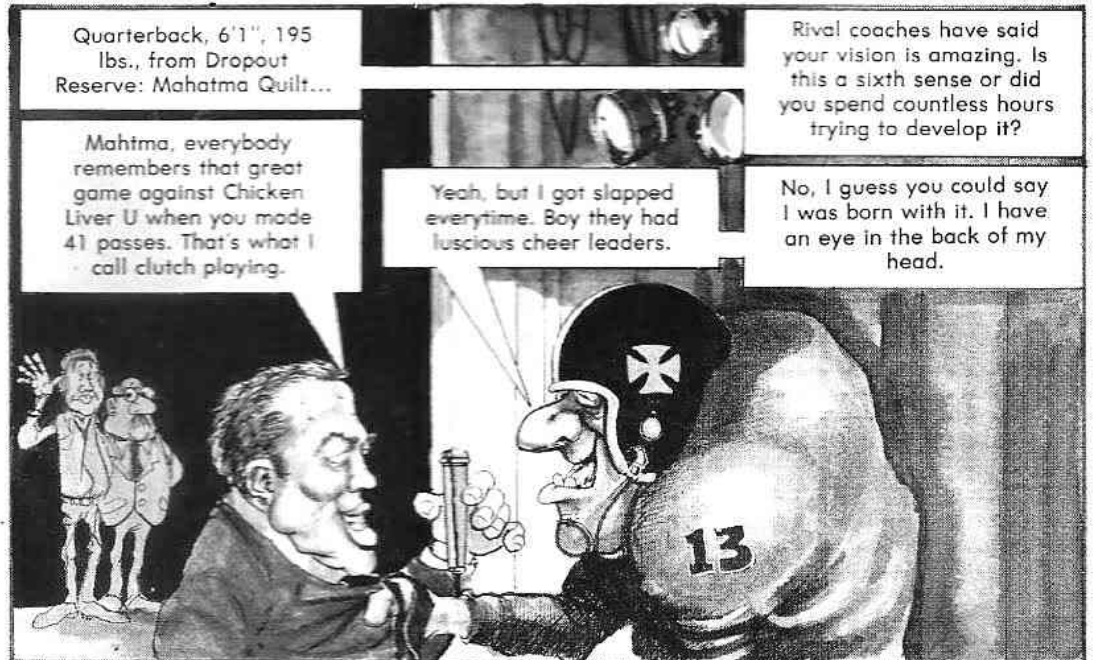


Left Half Back, at 5'11", 173 lbs., a speedster from Rat Fink Military Institute: Faye Beauregard Seltzer...

Faye, you were the greatest broken field runner ever at Rat Fink.



That's right, I was great on those fields that were all broken up, but when I got on those nice green football fields, I wasn't so hot.



Quarterback, 6'1", 195 lbs., from Dropout Reserve: Mahatma Quilt...

Mahatma, everybody remembers that great game against Chicken Liver U when you made 41 passes. That's what I call clutch playing.

Yeah, but I got slapped everytime. Boy they had luscious cheer leaders.

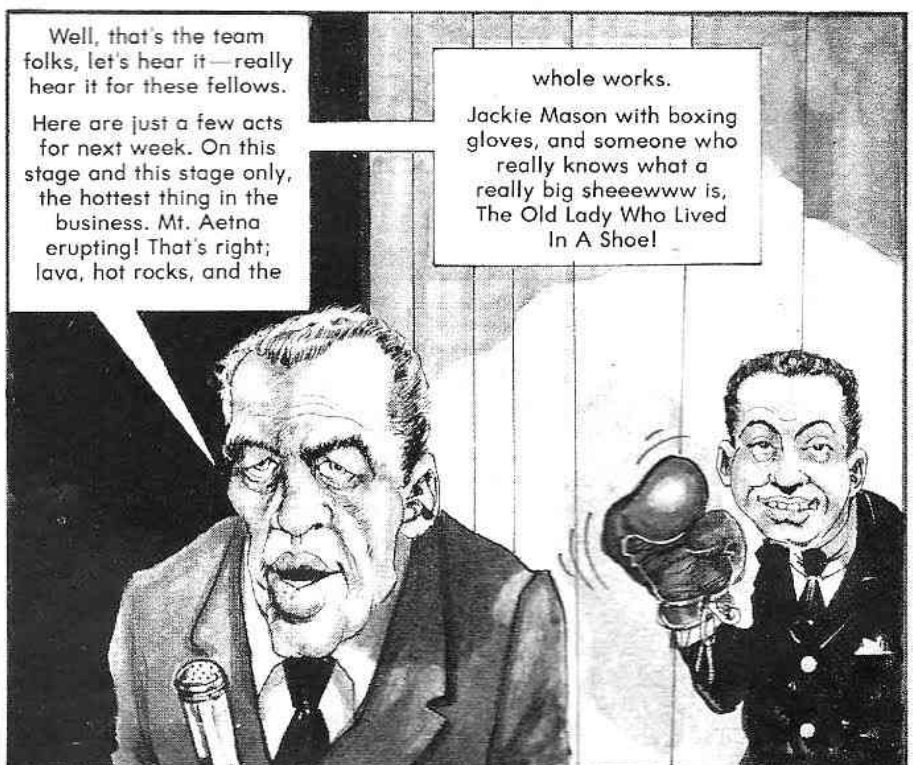
Rival coaches have said your vision is amazing. Is this a sixth sense or did you spend countless hours trying to develop it?

No, I guess you could say I was born with it. I have an eye in the back of my head.



Oh. I thought that helmet you had was kind of funny. Does it ever bother you?

Only when I get a haircut.



Well, that's the team folks, let's hear it—really hear it for these fellows.

Here are just a few acts for next week. On this stage and this stage only, the hottest thing in the business. Mt. Aetna erupting! That's right; lava, hot rocks, and the

whole works.

Jackie Mason with boxing gloves, and someone who really knows what a really big sheeeewww is, The Old Lady Who Lived In A Shoe!



Dear Sirs:

Ever since I was a tiny child I dreamed of becoming a poet.

And even though I practiced like wild, I still have no poems to show it.

Steve Moore
99 Lyon Ave.
Apt. #501
Toronto 10, Ontario

Ed: You STILL don't have one.

Dear Sir:

Whilst glancing through your issue of September, No. 47, we have come to the conclusion that Americans must be worse off than we thought if they think the contents of your magazine in any way readable.

For instance, take your article "Televisions Commercial Hell". Apart from the art and satire, it was feasible.

The American people are always moaning about the taxes that they have to pay, well may we suggest that they refrain from wasting their money on such dribble as your magazine, and save it instead. Then they may get somewhere.

We are tired of Yankees thinking that they rule the world, because from what we have seen of your face they aren't fit enough to rule a straight line.

Ord/Me I. Holburn & Ord/Na Hastie
O/N R94966 & R94961
4H Mess
H.M.A.S. Melbourne
G.P.O. Sydney, Australia

Ed: We'd send you a nasty letter if we had a few days to write your address.

Dear ?

Your Magazine is very intelligent, smart and witty, but apart from that I like it.

If all Americans are as smart as the Editors of "Sick", well, that's some country you got dere!

Wayne Barry
1 Bertram Ave.
Yagoona West,
Sydney, Australia

Ed: Tell that to that guy on the H.M.A.S. Melbourne.

Dear Sick:

I would like to say that I appreciate your magazine for its sick outlook which makes it good to read when relaxation is wanted. However, I believe that the "Sick" magazine is having a very bad effect on some of its American readers. To be quite frank, I would say that many of its readers from the United States have become very "sick" in the head.

This is not a rash accusation, since I have proof to show that many "Yanks" are indeed sick sticks. Some of my friends, after writing to "Sick", have received some idiotic letters from clods who claim they are not such, but prove they are, by their stupid letters.

As one example, a letter from a clod calling himself Anthony Houston, "The Collector". He claimed to be a professional killer and then stated that his secret special agent number was 000. If this doesn't prove he is a mental case, what does. Another clod sent my mate a letter with forty-eight stamps on it worth a total of two dollars forty cents (Yank). Were these and the others, whose clodish antics and remarks were too numerous to mention, affected by "Sick", or were they merely normal clodish Yanks.

Pat "Cards" Collins
2 Larch Street
Mt. Isa
Old, Australia

Ed: What is it with you Aussies? You trying to take over this magazine?

Dear Sicklies,

Who this P. G. Harrison think he is just cause his country was a penal colony he goes jumping all over us Yanks. First the bum knocks our T.V. Well if theirs is so great why don't we see it. Those nervous Americans P. G. was talking about haven't lost a war yet. May you cultural Aborigines chop your fat head off if you got one. It's you P. G. Harrison who give nice guys like Lial Heiser bad names. LONG LIVE YANKS.

I would like a Female Sick Type pen pal 11-12-13 years old.

Jack Mercer
414 Cornelia Ave.
Whitesburg, Ky.
Good Old U.S.A.

Ed: How old are you, Jack? 30? 31?

An open letter to all boy pen pals:

I am a girl 17, blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'4", flat footed. I am stacked, curvacious, sexy.

I do, however, have one slight abnormality which could count for my unpopularity.

The big toe on my left foot is 14" long. It is 9" in diameter. The nail measures 6" by 7" and the approximated weight of my toe is 60 lb. It is a beautiful thing to see and admire. When the nail is polished with 5 coats of hand-rubbed red barn paint I am a genuine traffic stopper.

I love going barefooted but, to avoid the staring eyes of curious people, I must take precautions. When in public I wear a large square suitcase on my left foot. No person can stare at a square. I am studying ballet, and enjoy riding a sidecar-equipped-Honda.

I have time on my hands, a paint roller on my vanity and hope in my heart. Hope that out of 6 or 7 thousand Sick pen pals I may find a mate for life.

Fancy Flopdow
1008 E. 10 St.
Cabina, Kansas

Ed: You're all heart, Fancy.

Dear Sick:

In your December issue there was a Surfing Order Blank. Would you send me number 12 surfing songs (dirty) and number 13 blond wigs made from the hairs of an albino gorilla.

Charles Miculka
414 Cornelia Ave.
Whitesburg, Ky.

Ed: Sorry, we're out of Albino gorillas. Would you consider a cocker spaniel?

Dear Sick:

I think No. 48 was sickstational. I'd like to see more of the Peace Corps and Capsule Careers. I want to make a hit with the natives. Please send me your "Native Go Home!" sign.

Marion Marie Fisher
Smithville, Ontario

Ed: Are there any natives in Smithville Ontario?


Dear Sir:

I'm really hip to that part in Issue #49 on "How to Surf". It was absolutely hilarious or something like that. In fact, 20 days later, I'm still hiccuping.

Michael Rioux
7794 Longacre
Detroit, Michigan

Ed: See our next issue on "How to hiccup." It teaches you how to surf.

Continued on next page



SICK SPOOFS

PTA

Adventure Book

Dear Huckleberry Fink:

Your magazine 48 said "...it's those creeps from WBUZ trying to...", well there ain't no creeps at WBUZ in Fredonia.

WBUZ happens to be a nice little radio station so don't knock 'em. I live 6 miles from WBUZ.

Will Till
Till Road
Arkwright, N. Y.

Ed: And WBUZ is 8 miles from your house? That's OUR joke, Will Till.

Sick Editor:

Somehow, a copy of SICK came to my hands, I read it and learned why it is called "Sick", it sure honors its title! Nobody but a gang of crazy Americans like you could have written such a gruesome bunch of nonsense. I've always...thought that you Yankees are insane people and this came to prove my point.

I think those letters published in the Sickcercely Yours section are a fake, aren't they? I couldn't find any letters from Mexican readers, maybe you don't publish them...You yourself wrote those letters and pretended someone...sent them to you. What a lot of tricky clods you are, you—confounded gringos!

I guess I find a lot of pleasure in insulting gringos—like that, that's what I learned English for and this is—a good opportunity to do so. Keep writing stupidities so I can continue to insult you, gringos.

Gilberto Castro Gerardo,
Domicilio Conocido,
Todos, Santos, B.C. Sur, Mexico

Ed: THIS is what you learned English for?

Dear Sick Ed:

Having read your undeniable mag since I was knee high to a toadstool, I consider myself qualified to say that your last edition was one of the 48 sickest of all time. You should shudder!

Gary Crenshaw
1016 Linwood Rd.
Memphis, Tenn.

Ed: We are chronic shudders.

CLASSICFRIED ADS

This SICKtion is a free service for the convenience of our readers. However, since there are so many hooks and kooky items involved, we assume no responsibility for items, claims or persons advertised here. We're sick but not crazy.

I have written a story in true Tarzan fashion, "Sonito and the Junglemen". It costs 35¢ and is available from me, Dave Kraft, Route 4, St. Michael, No. Dak. (Would you believe I'm 14?)

Free weekly stamp newspaper with list of special offers. Send a self-addressed, stamped, large envelope for each issue you wish to receive. Anyone wishing to place an ad in this newspaper may do so at the rate of 1/4¢ per word for the first 40 words. Any words after that at 1/4¢ per word. William Hoffpauir, 1235 Mockingbird Lane, Crowley, Louisiana.

I have over 2000 pop music magazines, movie magazines, comics, etc. to trade. Will give 4 music magazines for every 3 music or 4 comics sent me with 5¢. D. Legere, 366 Kenilworth N., Hamilton,

PEN PALS WANTED

Wanted: Pen pals from anywhere who are 16 and older, who will send me wild, mad letters. Aysim Alkaya (girl), Moda Findak Sok, Uzunal Apt. 24/6, Kadikoy, Istanbul, Turkey.

I am a Turkish boy, age 20. I like to draw cartoons. I would love to correspond with anyone from anywhere. Mustafa Yilmaz, Ataturk Caddesi 38, Gultepe, Izmir, Turkey.

Wanted: One or two or three, etc. female pen-pals, about thirteen years young. Must be hip! Few curves too. Send picture. Must be cute. I am blond, blue eyes, 5'5 1/2". Mark Hammond, P. O. Box 164, Post Elgin, Ont., Canada.

I am 17 1/2, Love Dylan, The Byrds, and the Mama's and Papa's. I think Draggin' and Hillclimb' are the hottest sports known. I like: Yorkville Village, (T.O.); all fab Mod threads, shy girls, and dancing, and riding the subway to kill time. I will write to both guys and gals, but will not correspond with members of any "middlesex". (That's Final!) Would especially like to correspond with people from England, Australia, California, and other hip countries. Steve Moore, 99 Lyon Ave., Apt. #501, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada.

Pen Pal Wanted: School: Southern Illinois University; Age: 18; Likes: Animals, guys, classical music, riflery, men in the Army and Special Forces or Marines, Nancy Sinatra, and the Ventures; Dislikes: guys who don't like being in the Armed Forces, non-conformists. Description: Dark brown hair, 5'8" tall, fairly good figure?? Miss Diane Johnson, C-126 Woody Hall, Carbondale, Illinois.

Quiet, shy, loving, 19 year old guy would like a girl pen pal with a similar personality, 15-19 years old. I like electronics, ham radio and music. I dislike crowds and I like to do things on my own. If another of my one-in-a-million type is reading this please write to me! Nicholas Dondero, 2451 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn 26, N. Y. 11226

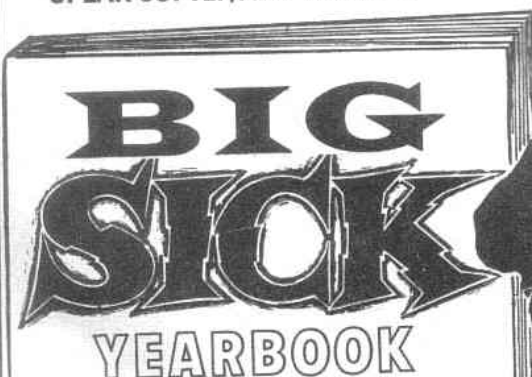
I'm a 5'4" female looking for a male pen pal. I like the Rolling Stones, Beatles, wild parties, and people. I'm 17 and a senior.— Miss Alida Myers, 6126 Dora Blvd., Independence, Ohio

Boy 15 would luv pen-type pal. Female, age 14-15, long brown or blonde hair, MUST really be hip!!!! (THE KING) David McFadden, 372 Second Ave., Mansfield, Ohio

Boy 16 would like female pen-pal, about 5'7", Blonde, brown, black hair, plenty of curves needed as main qualification. Will answer all letters. Include picture. Frank George, 1431 Summit St., Pittsburgh, Penna.

Student, seed salesman, seance enthusiast, cat hating pyromaniac desires mail from congenial people. Mad Dog Oman, Room 31, Lewis Hall, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio 43022

SPEAK SOFTLY, AND CARRY A



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Painted expressly for SICK by MAD's most famous artist!

features the SICK Laugh King of his time, the ever-popular Nero. It's a two-page glossy extravaganza, ideal for framing, that is worth far more than the 50¢ price of the whole magazine. We urge you to add to your "Let Us Entertain You" collection—or start your collection now!

EXPOSÉ

This Year, **motorcycle clubs** have come into their own, cutting a brutal path along the American landscape, creating a stir of controversy in government and press. But what is the **REAL** story of the rebel cyclists? Are their cursing, scratching members as tough and ruthless as they appear? What are their hopes— their ambitions? Do they have mothers? Fathers? Do they attend Sunday School?

SICK, which is more than a humor magazine (or is it less?), hopeful that the public know the truth, assigned ace reporter, Norbert Wolfberg, to live with, become part of, ride with a group called THE ROADENTS. Here is his exclusive, hard-hitting story...

SICK JOINS A MOTORPSYCHO CLUB

Art by The Professor

Script by Fred Wolfe





Here, trying to appear inconspicuous near the suspected motorpsychlists' hangout, is Norbert Wolfberg, our Sick undercover reporter, who has been trying for months to join the ROADENTS. At first, he tried to get into Sinatra's Rat Pack, but he gradually worked his way down.



Each member then jumps up and down on the jacket to help grind the filth in. Unfortunately, Norbert was *in* his at the time.



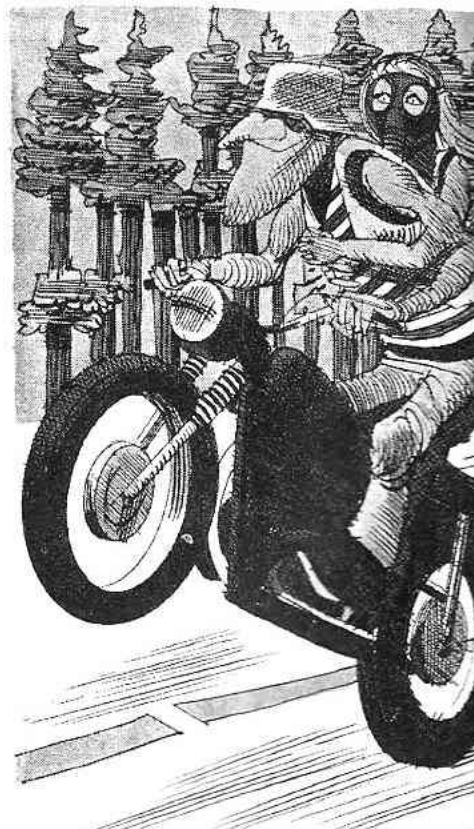
Well, finally someone's noticed Norbert—he was the only one using a deodorant! His months of just hanging around have paid off. After a few apprentice runs (*over the local police force*) the ROADENTS are willing to make him a full-fledged member.



Norbert must never wash or clean his jacket, if he is to retain his "distinctive" status. Although the jackets smell something awful, they enable the members to find each other in the dark. Many members wear original German World-War-II helmets—some of which still contain the original German!



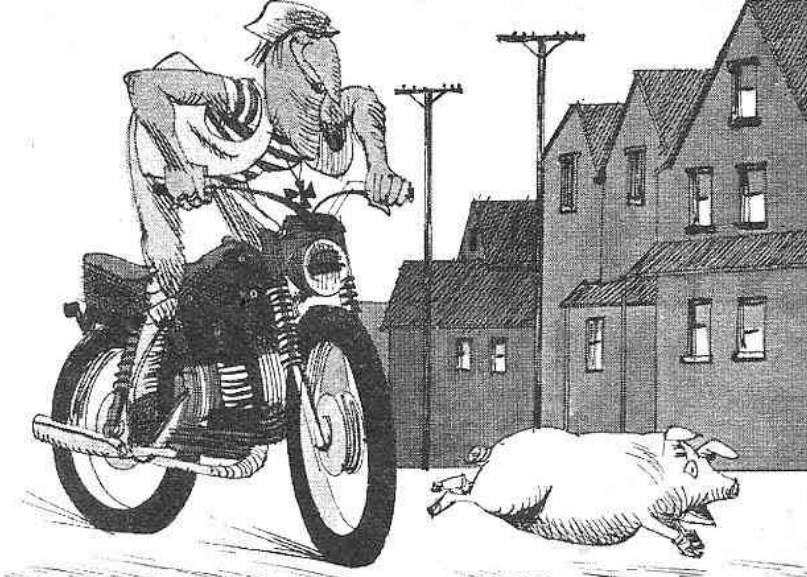
Norbert is issued a club jacket (*they got it by clubbing a former member*). Beer, garbage and various other filth are dumped on this jacket to give the wearer a certain casual "air."



Now that he is a member, Norbert has brought along a girl friend for a weekend of wild parties and cycling fun. His girl put on a gas mask the minute she got wind of the festivities (*and of Norbert!*)



Norbert has his own "Hog" (motorcycle) that he has customized to his own personal tastes, and has painted it red to cover any tell-tale stains. All the club members take great pride in keeping their second-hand bikes as clean as their original owners kept them. Their original owners are now out pounding a beat.



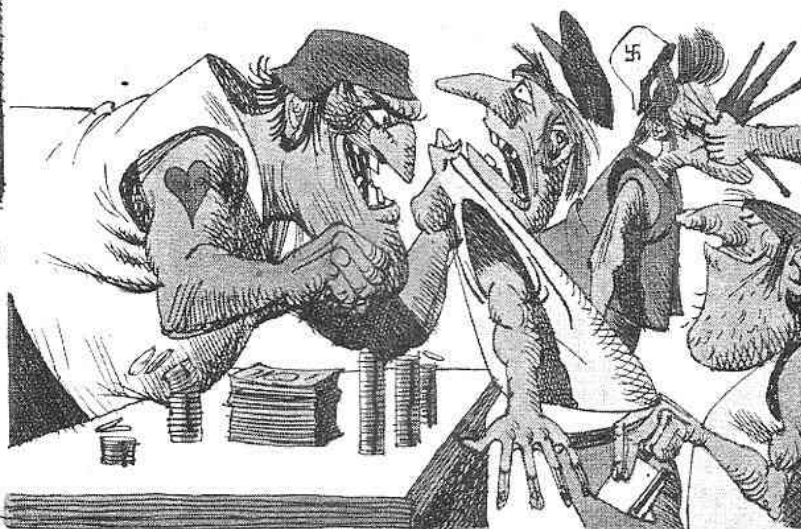
Many of the outlaw cyclists spend a great deal of money on their choppers (*their teeth, not their bikes*) as these boys tend to get in a lot of rumbles. Some of these "hogs" are capable of doing 100 miles per hour (*the guys, not the motorcycles*) when they are caught stealing hub-caps.



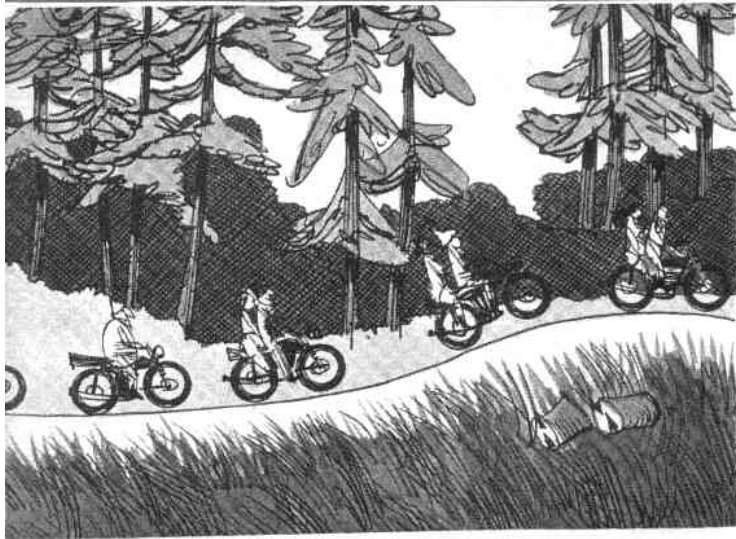
The club meetings are quite informal and are held once a week. Sometimes they spend a day at the local zoo, where the animals stare at *them*!



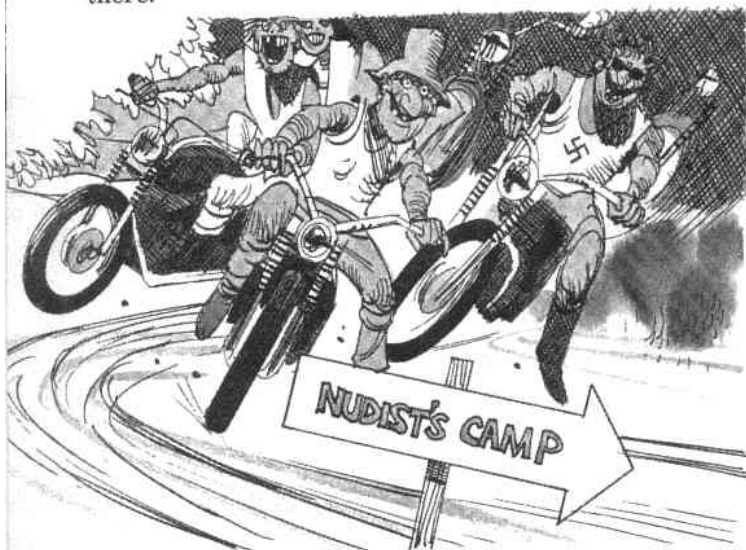
Sometimes the meetings are held in a bar. The ROADENTS love to get "stoned" and hold drag races on their bikes. The bartender keeps pleading with them to hold these races *outside*!



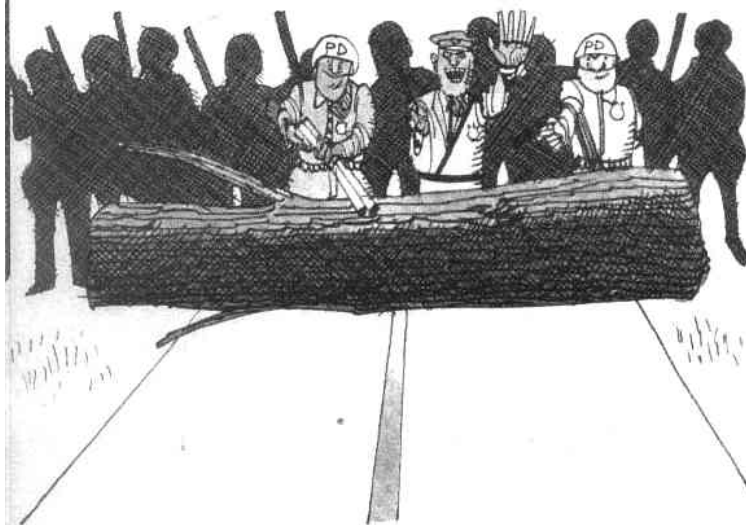
At these meetings, among other business, membership fees and dues are collected. (*Sometimes from perfect strangers!*)



Several rebel clubs often join together to make a run, and head for quiet, peaceful resort areas. These resort areas are quiet and peaceful, because they are usually evacuated before the motorcycle clubs get there.



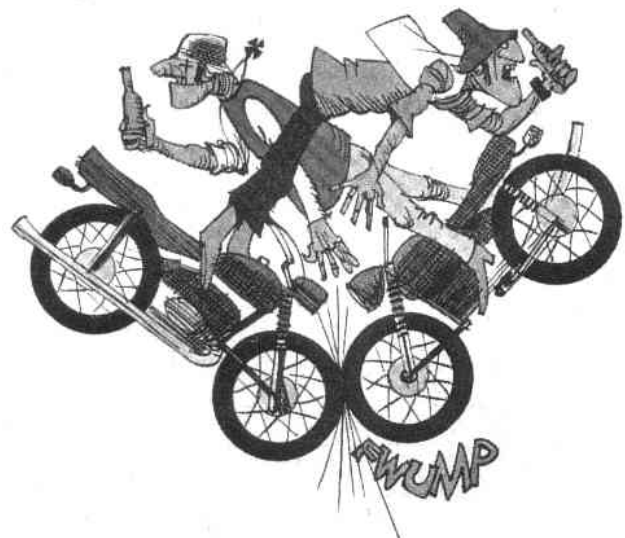
The runs are carefully planned, but unforeseen events can complicate things. Here the ROADENTS have made a wrong turn, and discover the naked truth.



Police harrassment is also a common occurrence on a run.— The motorcyclists harrass the police something awful!



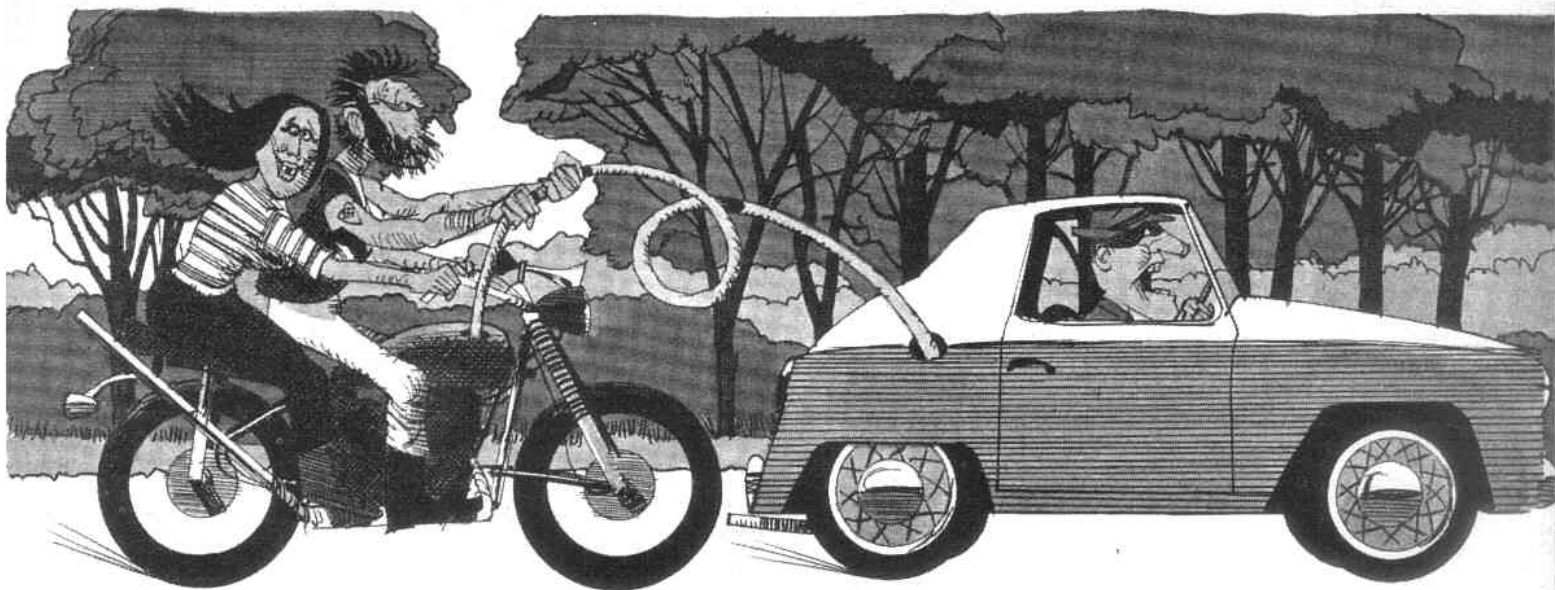
The runs always include a couple of pickup trucks for carrying beer. (These guys firmly believe in driving themselves to drink!) And they usually include some sleeping bags. (That's what they call their girls!)



Sometimes, they bump into old acquaintances, which can knock them for a loop. (Usually, they are looped already).



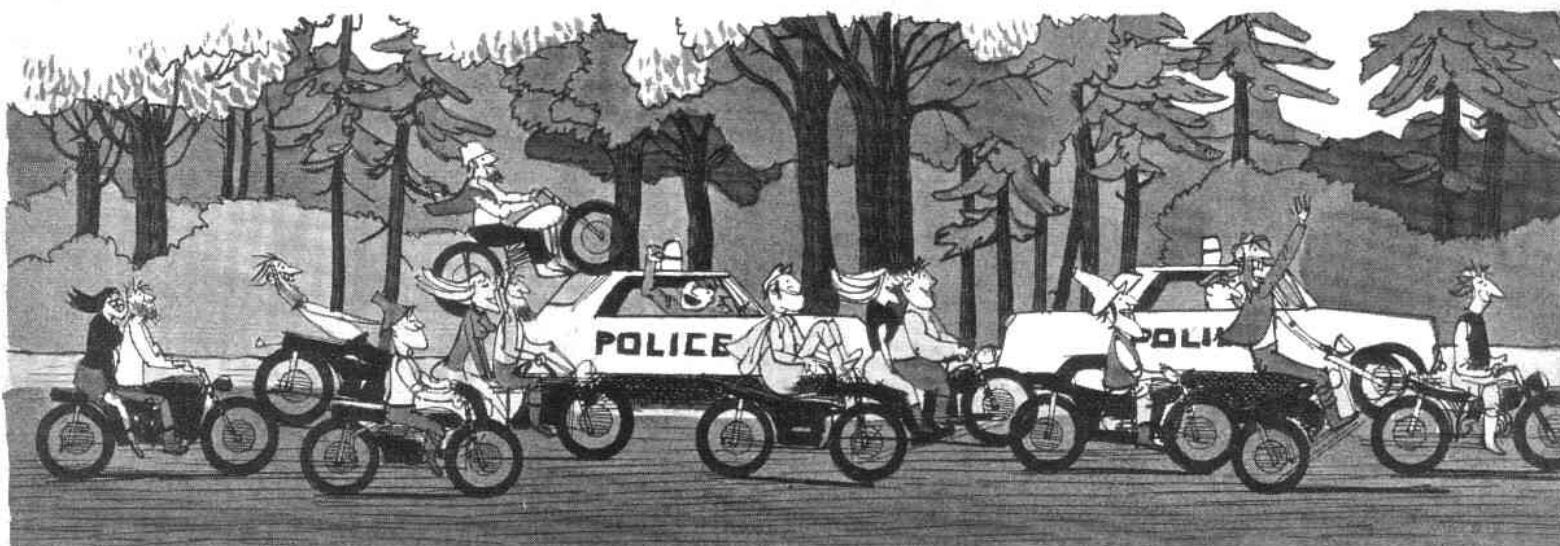
Sometimes a few of them end up in jail, but they enjoy it, because they usually have a reunion with members of other motorcycle clubs. The police check the records of this fugitive group carefully, and release them the minute they find that none of them is Richard Kimble!



The ROADENTS have devised a clever re-fuelling system that they learned from the Air Force that enables them to refuel while in motion. Many of them are careless while siphoning the stuff, and often get high on high octane.

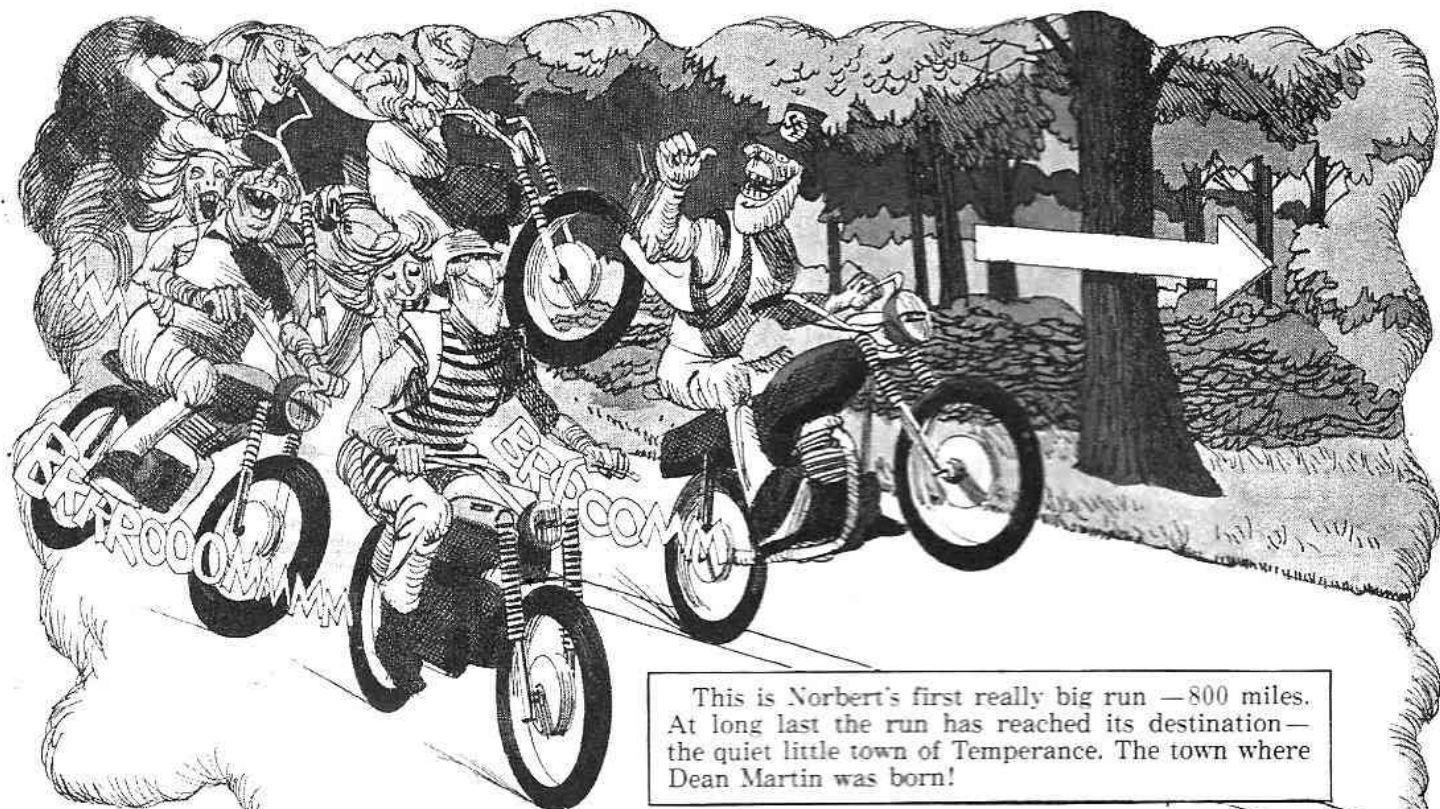


There are nevertheless frequent stops, and the time saved by refuelling in motion is usually lost here.



The police are alerted weeks in advance of a run, and can usually handle the situation. However, if the

motorcyclists come in force, it is often the police who are escorted out of town!



TEMPERANCE
POP. 245
DRIVE CAR



THE REAL STORY of The Roadents can only be heard from the town's six survivors.

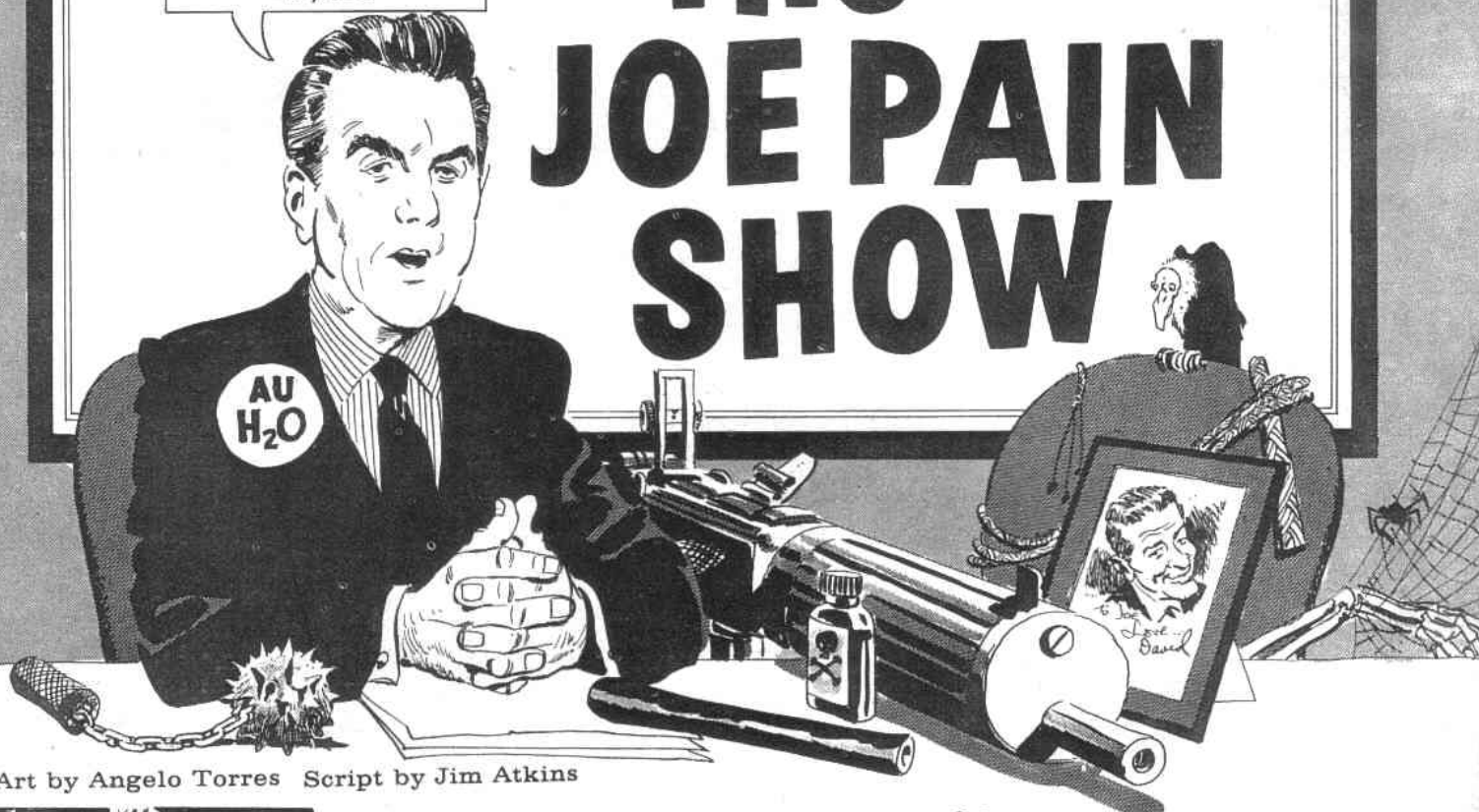
BE SURE TO SEE MORE OF THE ROADENTS... (and Sick reporter Norbert Wolfberg)
IN YOUR LOCAL POLICE LINE-UP!

The "talk shows" are the talk of the radio and television broadcasting industry. Joe Pyne is talking back to his guests for several hours a day. And many other controversial talkers are also interviewing everyone from Dick Nixon

to people who ride on flying saucers. In fact, so many people are being interviewed that soon, interviewers will have to interview relatives and even relatively normal people. This is the way it might go, on

My name is Joe Pain, and by this time you all should know why. Let's get started insulting our guests. They said I couldn't keep on finding controversial guests for 40 years.

The JOE PAIN SHOW



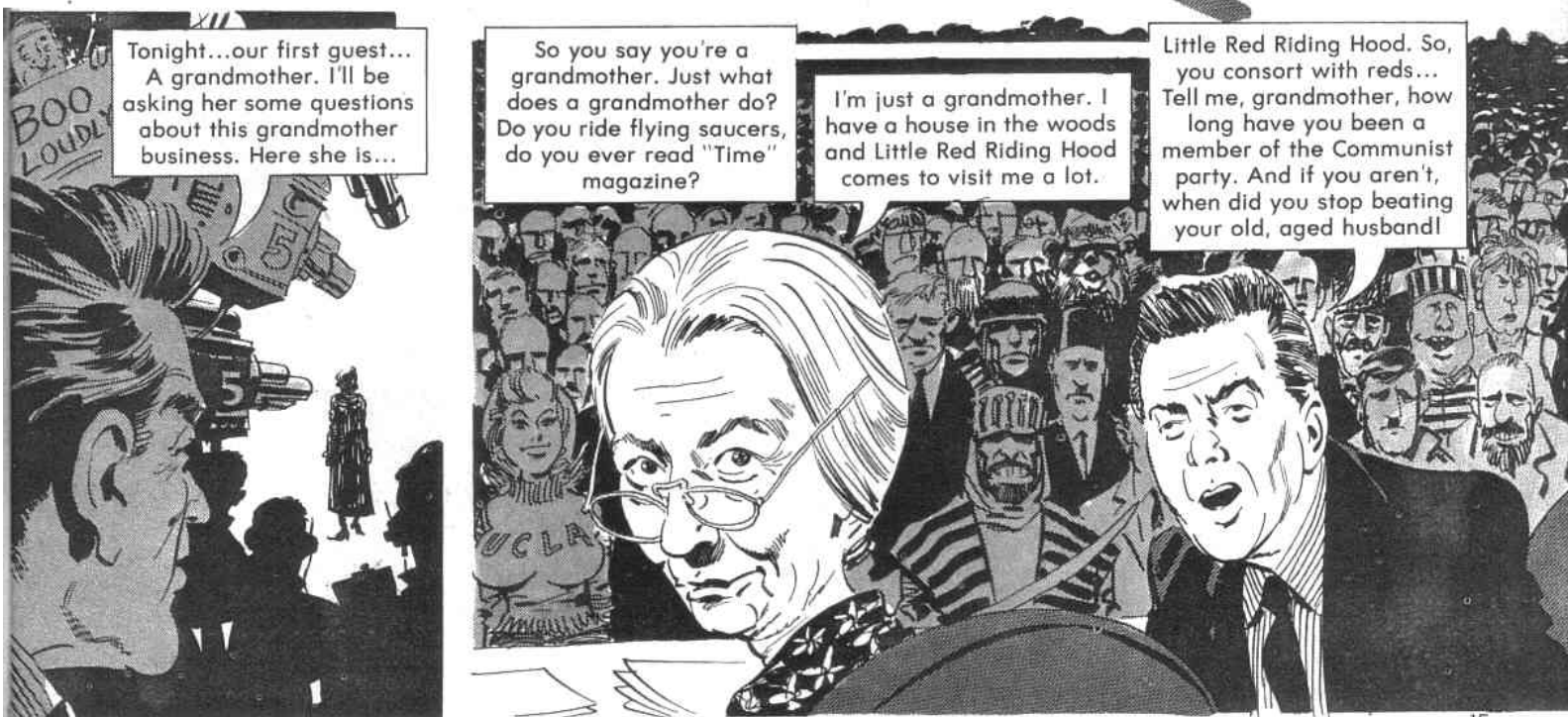
Art by Angelo Torres Script by Jim Atkins

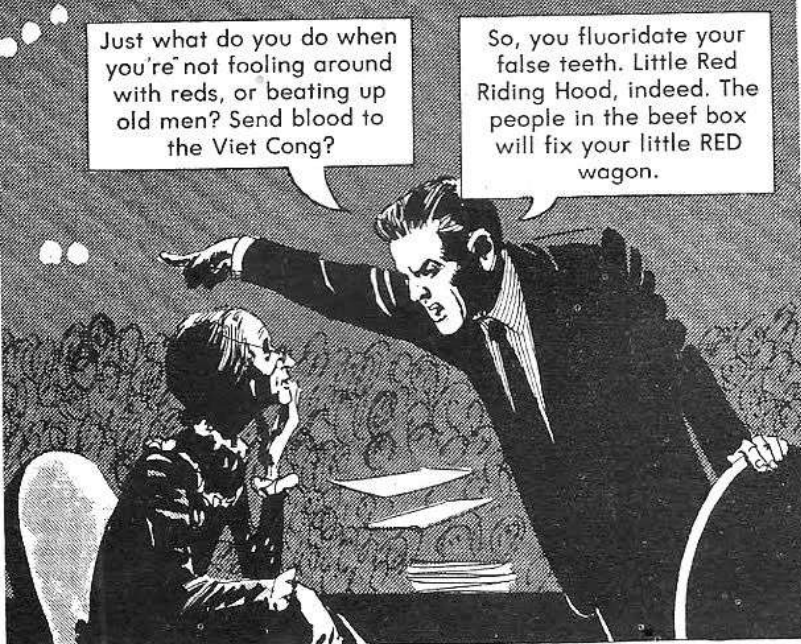
Tonight...our first guest... A grandmother. I'll be asking her some questions about this grandmother business. Here she is...

So you say you're a grandmother. Just what does a grandmother do? Do you ride flying saucers, do you ever read "Time" magazine?

I'm just a grandmother. I have a house in the woods and Little Red Riding Hood comes to visit me a lot.

Little Red Riding Hood. So, you consort with reds... Tell me, grandmother, how long have you been a member of the Communist party. And if you aren't, when did you stop beating your old, aged husband!





Just what do you do when you're not fooling around with reds, or beating up old men? Send blood to the Viet Cong?

So, you fluoridate your false teeth. Little Red Riding Hood, indeed. The people in the beef box will fix your little RED wagon.

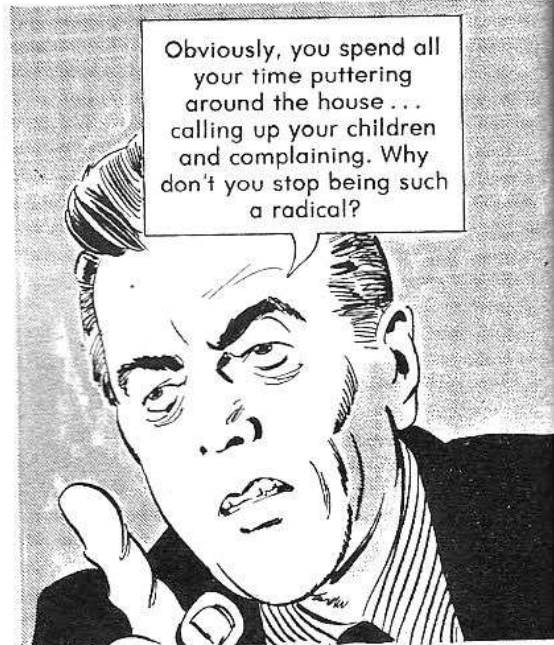


Are there any controversial questions from the audience? Lower the mike for that boy.



I guess you're getting medicare, letting the government pay for all those operations instead of dying, eh, grandmother ...

Good, insulting question, boy ... Now get lost — you should be in bed ...

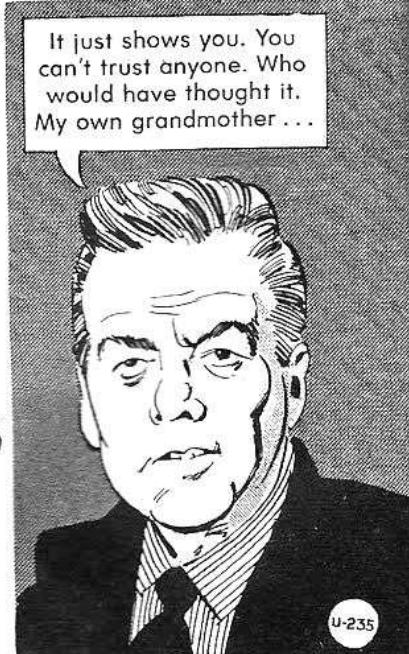


Obviously, you spend all your time puttering around the house ... calling up your children and complaining. Why don't you stop being such a radical?



I feel for people, I'm not like you. On the way over I saw a beggar with a beat-up old tin cup.

A beat-up tin cup ... what sadistic liberal would go around beating up tin cups. Take a long walk, grandmother. No car fare. Walk the ten miles back to your house.



It just shows you. You can't trust anyone. Who would have thought it. My own grandmother ...

THE MAD COMPUTERS

Our mystery cartoonist, the incredible **Thumbtack**, has done it again! In the dead of night, he (or it) crept silently into our garden and left another batch of his mad computer-cartoons with the **really Big Look**. In fact, it's so **really big**, Thumbtack may be asked to appear on Ed Sullivan!

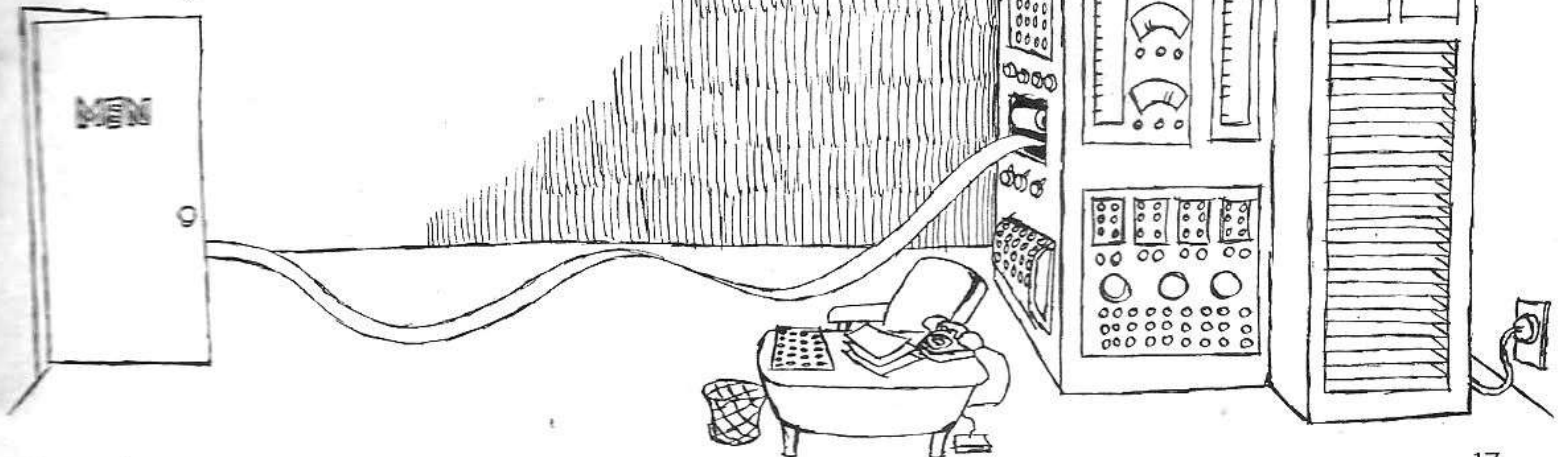
As you know, we still aren't sure whether Thumbtack is a man or a machine, for when we made a plaster-cast of the marks that he left in our garden, they turned out to be screw-prints! When we finally reached him through his automated answering-service (which Thumbtack claims was his wife) we asked him about his cartoons (he turns them out by the thousands), he tells us that he is simply adjusted to turn out that many. Or, did he say he just has to make a simple adjustment to turn out that many?

When told that his cartoons were out of this world, he replied: "How did you know?" — affirming that they have never appeared in print before — at least not on **this** planet! We were so happy with Thumbtack's work, that we wanted to send him a case of scotch. But he indicated that he'd rather have a can of 3-in-1 oil!

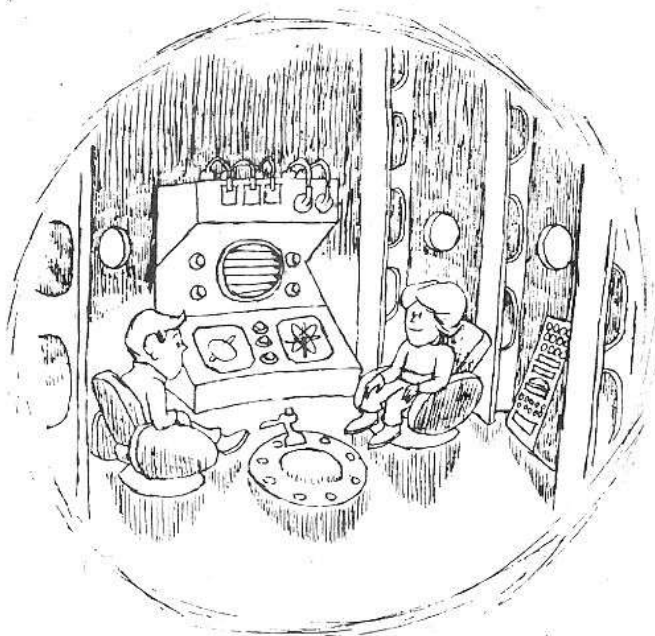
But, whether he is a computer or not, Thumbtack is definitely programmed for success. For, every old pro in the business is fascinated by his different approach to cartooning, which is way ahead of its time. Confidentially, if Thumbtack comes from where we suspect, his cartoons may be **light years** ahead of its time!

And, if the readers' reaction is half as good as anticipated, we'll soon put out a paperback of these Big Look cartoons.

CARTOONS WITH THE BIG LOOK



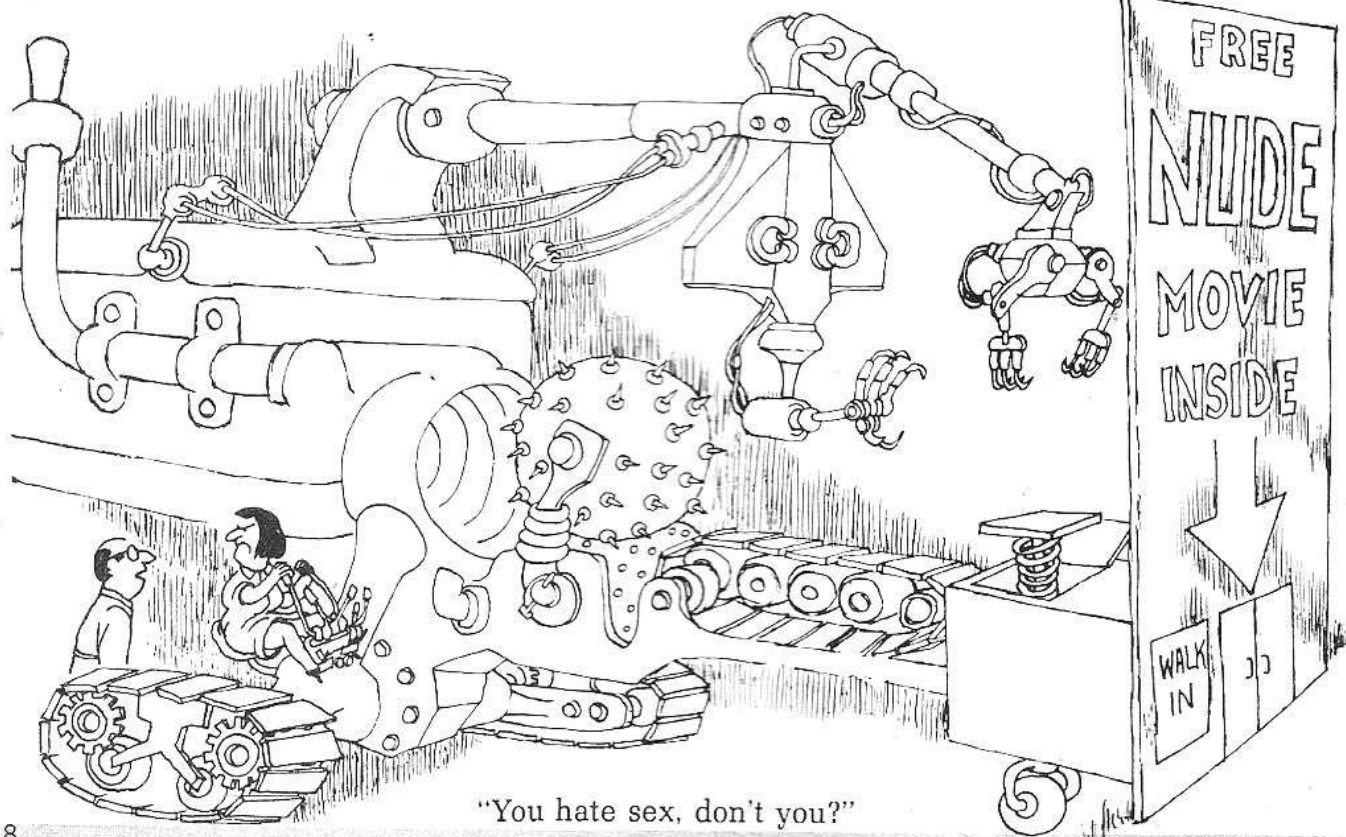
THUMB TACK



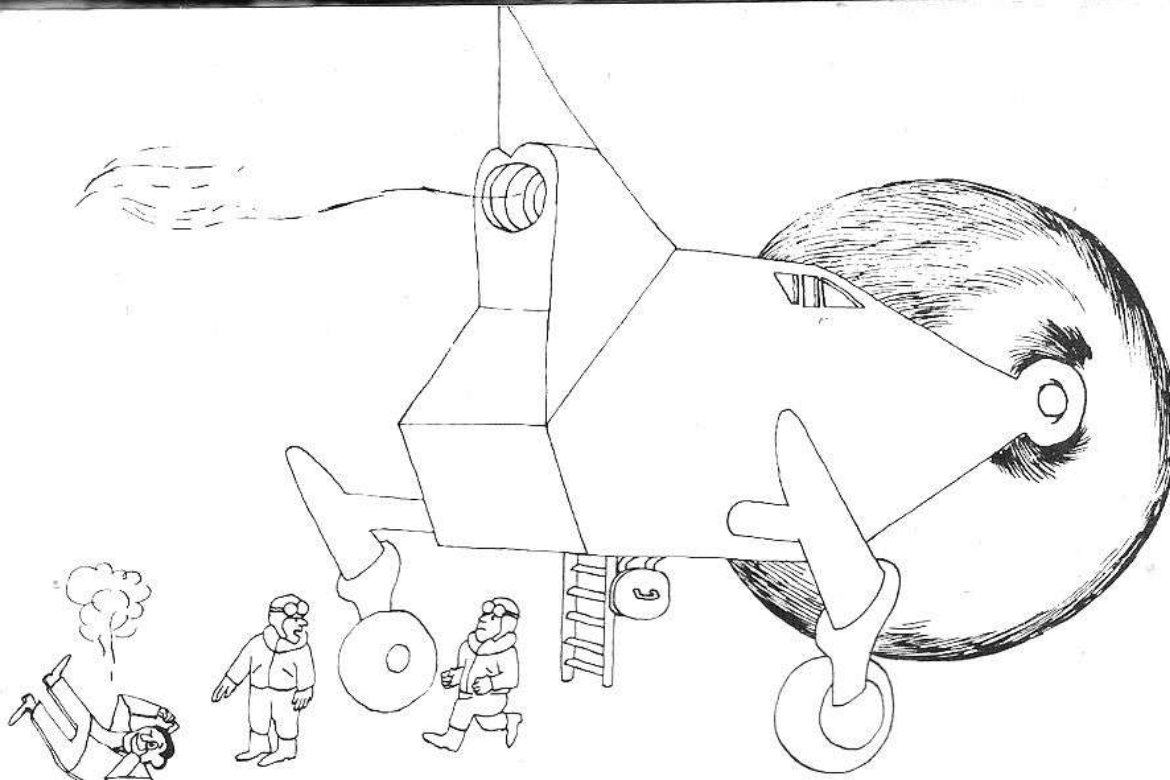
"Zoom-zoom...
The rockets go zoom...
Dick is going to Alpha Centauri...
Dick and Jane are going to Alpha Centauri..."



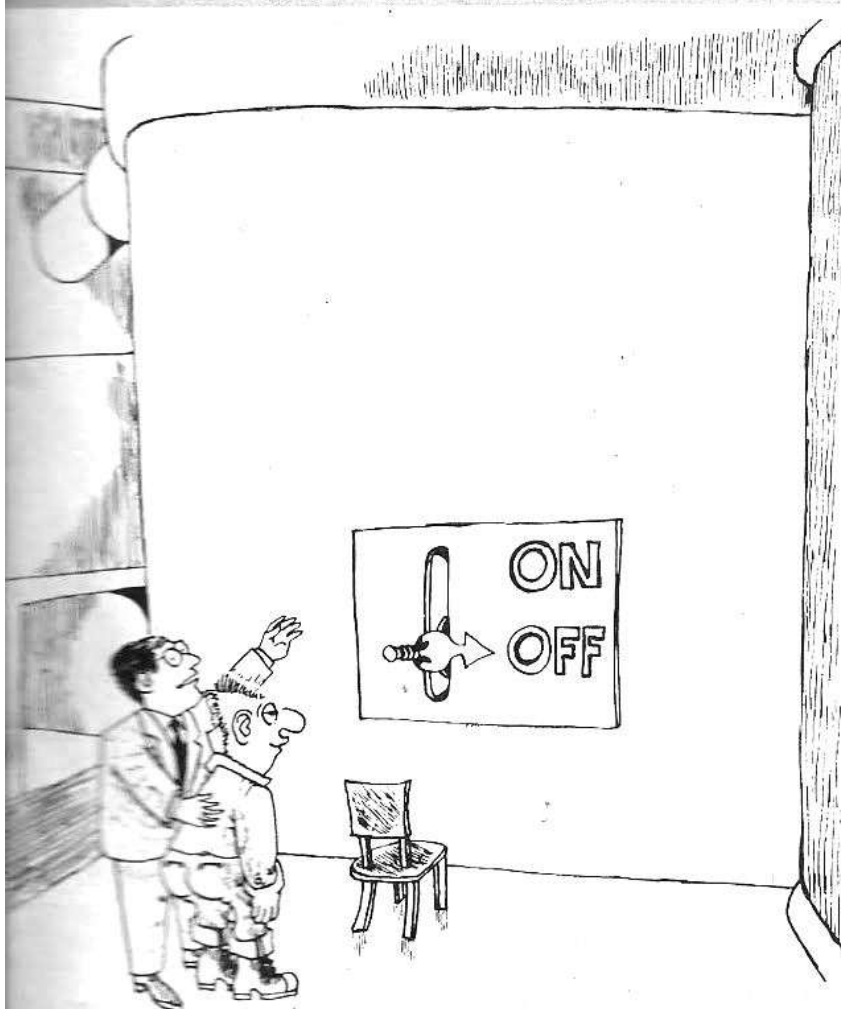
"When I ask a yes or no question,
I expect a yes or no answer".



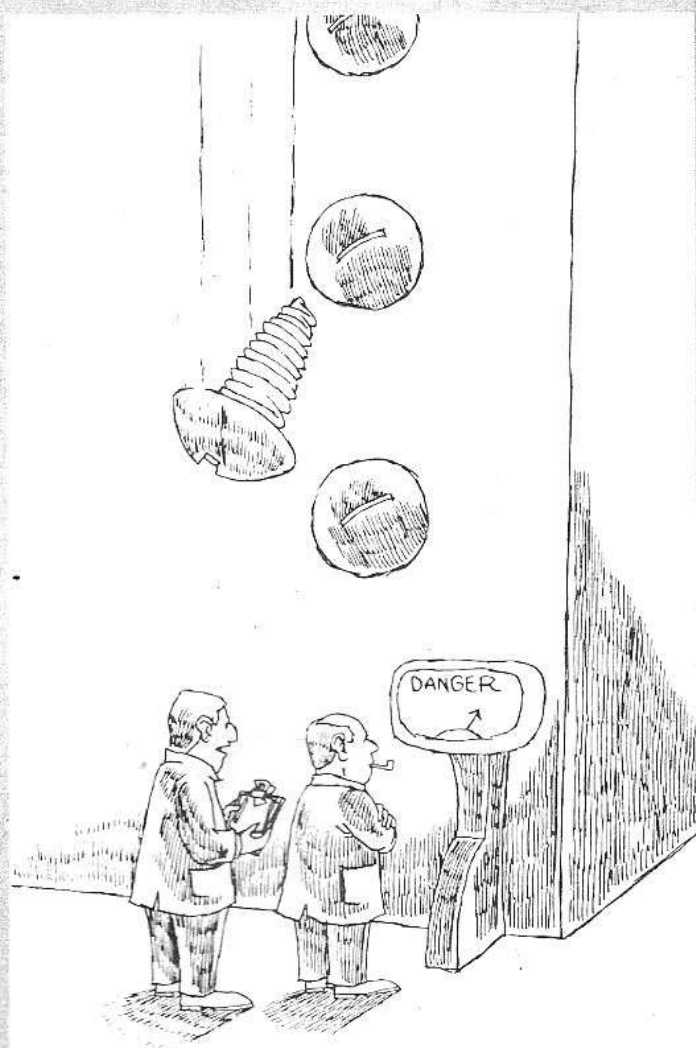
"You hate sex, don't you?"



"The poor devil. he never knew **exactly** what hit him."

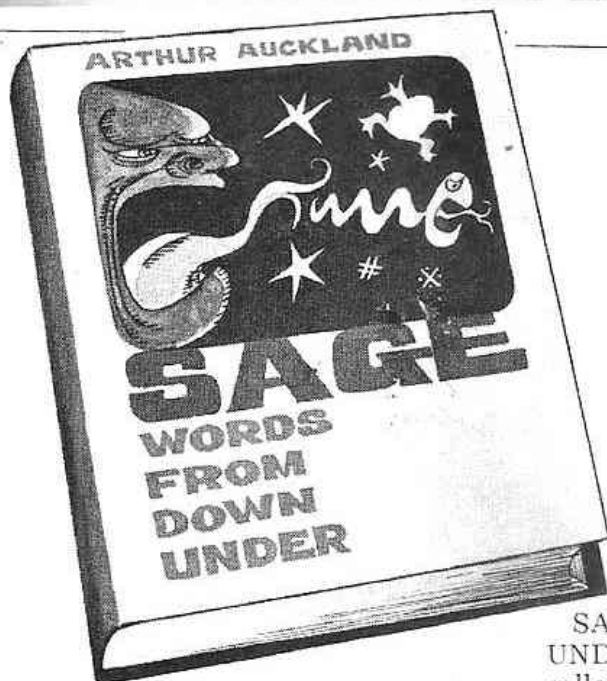


"Now don't try to learn it all your first day."



"It isn't serious! Probably a loose screw."

SICK BOOK



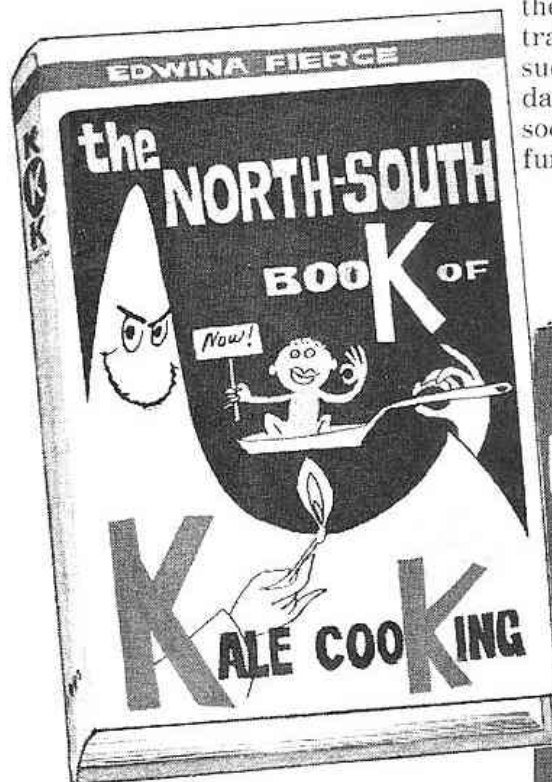
Once again, book readers, it is time for our semi-annual clearance sale of great, great books at low, low prices. You may have missed some of these outstanding buys the first time around at original prices, but now you may stock up on these classics at fantastic reductions.

Some of our specials:

Script by Bill Majeski

Art by Arnold Franchioni

SAGE WORDS FROM DOWN UNDER. by Arthur Auckland—A collection of 481 terse sayings from the 18th Century bushmen of Australia. Nearly all can be applied succinctly and effectively to everyday dealings in today's political, social and business life. Some are funny. Price—39 cents.



THE NORTH-SOUTH BOOK OF KALE COOKING. by Edwina Fierce—This book features 23,574 recipes for using kale in your kitchen. Ever tried kale cookies? Or kale kumquats? You will when you read this delightful book for gourmets. Countless other kale tricks for only—\$7.30.



NEW BERN, CAROLINA. by Harry Beeches—A handsome 12 by 19-inch book in full color showing the beauty of old New Bern. See fields of tobacco, see the dirty roads, the murky swamps and other landmarks that distinguish this grand old Carolina town. See the realistic color photograph of the city's telephone exchange and several exciting pictures of local eccentrics committing various acts of a stupid nature—19 cents (with the old one).

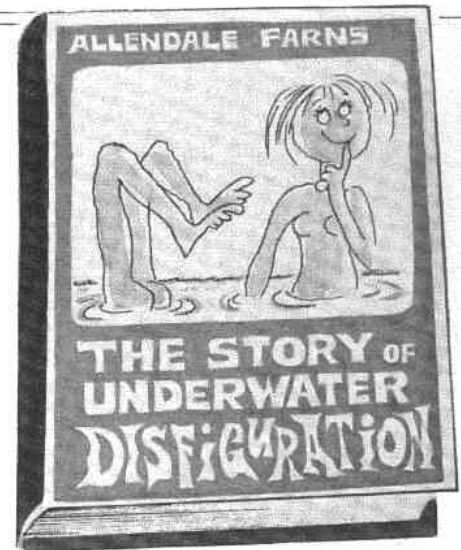


STORIES FOR FILLING STATION ATTENDANTS. by Edgar Primer—A riotously funny book filled with anecdotes of special interest to gas station workers, but fun for the entire family. Included are the famous stories of the rich woman who wanted three gallons and the orphan who ran away from home to join a nation-wide oil can concern. Only 60 cents: high-test 75 cents.

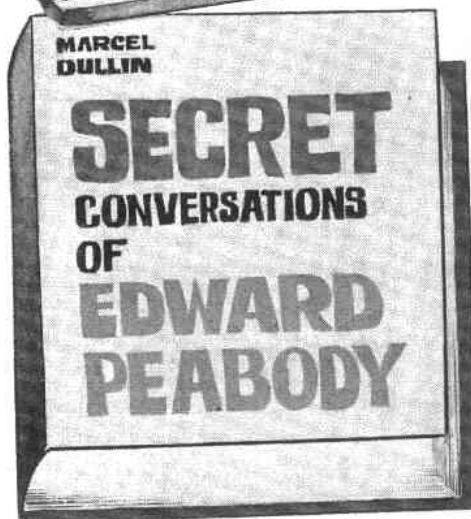
SECTION Clearance Sale!



THE STORY OF UNDERWATER DISFIGURATION, by Allendale Farns—Professor Farns, long recognized in the journalistic field by his unusual walk, explains the mechanism of submersive activities and unplanned projectilism. He handles the delicate subject matter carefully and in the best of taste. In addition, he gives the readers a clear picture, taken by a well-known professional photographer. Only \$1 and change.



NUDESIES, by Eric Griffer—A collection of photographs showing the nudest women in the world (the kind men like). You'll see charming undraped women reclining in various attitudes of repose and buoyant, bubbling girls, laughing and cavorting and just being themselves. A must for artists or men who like to look at women without clothes. A bargain at \$76.54.



SECRET CONVERSATIONS OF EDWARD PEABODY, by Marcel Dullin—Daring, intimate and revealing conversations of one of America's most forgotten men. Many knew him, some spoke to him. Most ignored him. His refusal to appear in the public eye and his disdain for notoriety paved the way for his secret talks with people who knew him well. You'll love the sparks of genius and depth in Peabody's talk with Tom Biler after Tom lost his surfboard. Just \$3.22.

Come early and browse—and buy!

THE SEA SHELL, by Winfield Conch—When was the last time you read a definitive study on this subject? Well, this is the book. A pictorial feature depicting the world's most famous shells is sure to please. You'll see the "Shell Heard Round the World," "Two Shells That Pass in the Night," "The Good Shell That's Hard To Find," and the "Shell in Mrs. Murphy's Overalls," together with many others you've read about but never really understood. Only \$1.88.




RECOMMENDED FOR FURTHER READING


- 101 Ways To Crush An Ant
- Learn To Love The Scorpion
- What You Should Know About Cockroaches
- If A Caterpillar Crawls Down Your Back
- The Best Way To Swat A Mosquito
- I Caught A Dragon Fly In My Pajamas!
- Termites Can Be Tamed
- How To Turn On A Glow Worm
- What It's Like Being Bitten By A Tse-Tse Fly
- How To Train Boll Weavils For Fun And Profit

LOOK WHO'S

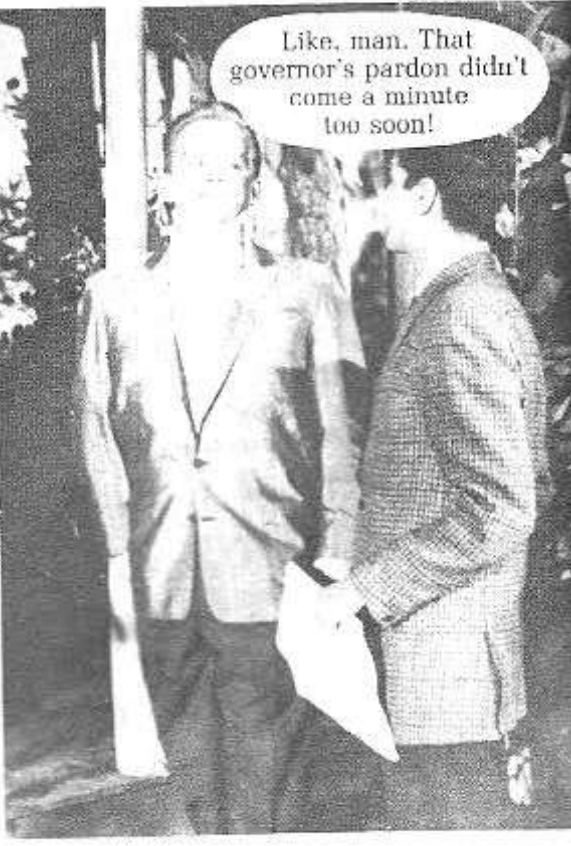
AND THE



Great idea, your majesty.
Putting a toll-booth
on London Bridge!



All right, I'll tell you!
You've got bad breath!

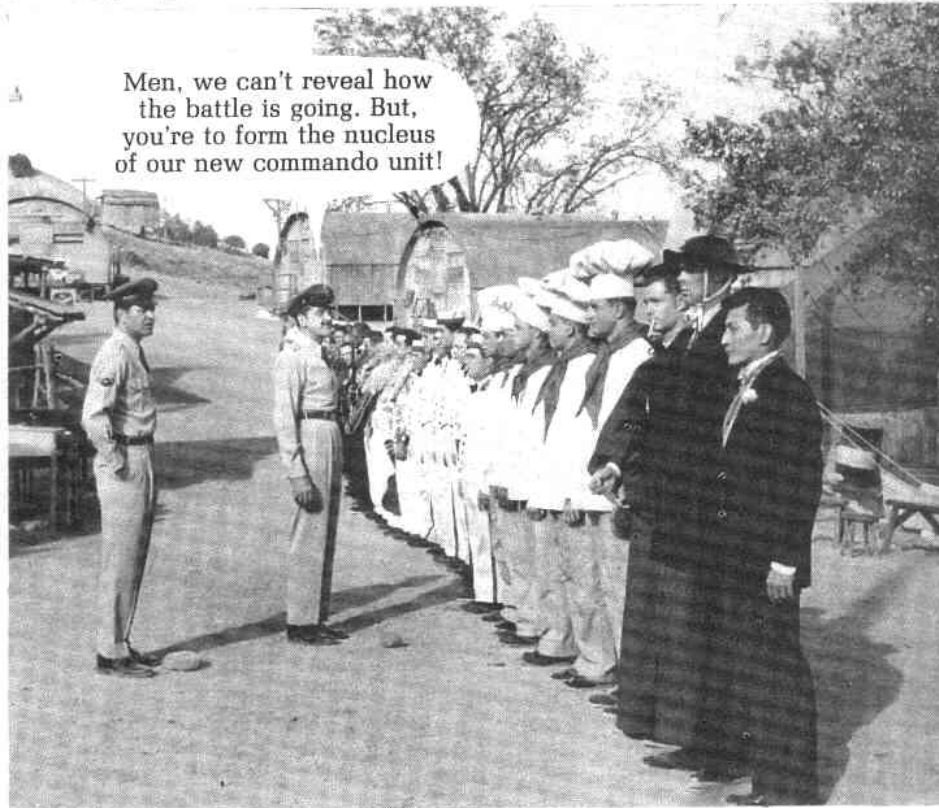
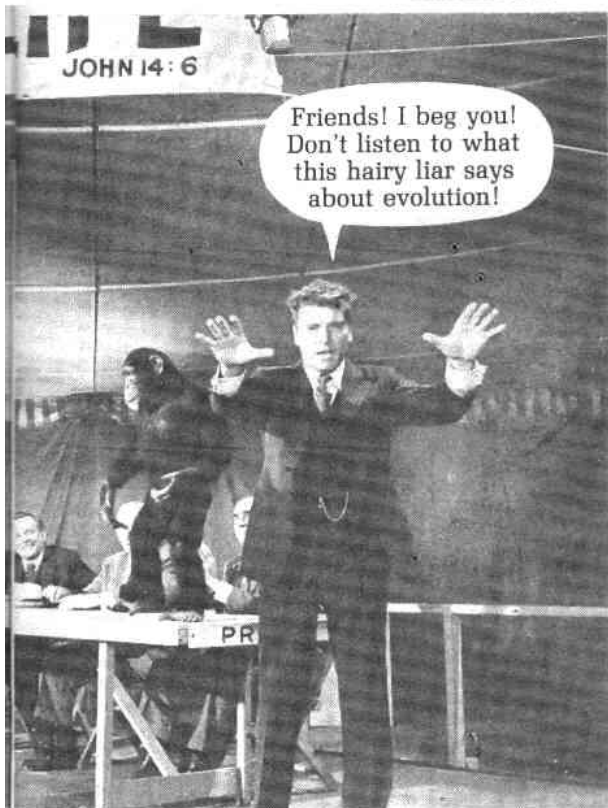


Like, man. That
governor's pardon didn't
come a minute
too soon!

TALKING



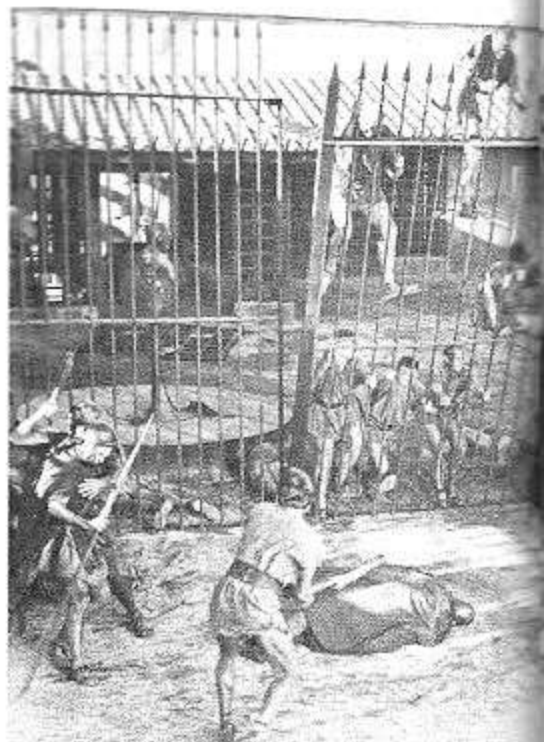
by
FRED WOLFE



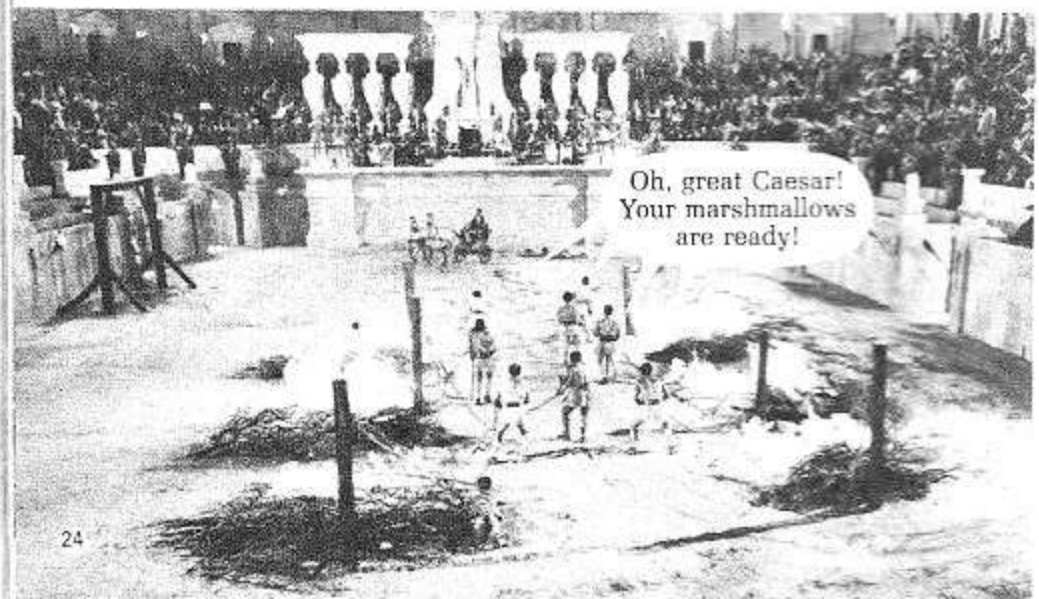
Men, here's how I see the "picture" on Operation Bo-Peep. Admiral, you color her apron blue — that's square number eight. Commander, you color her bonnet red — that's square number seven . . .



All right, you've got us over a barrel. We'll take fifty transistor radios.



Oh, great Caesar! Your marshmallows are ready!



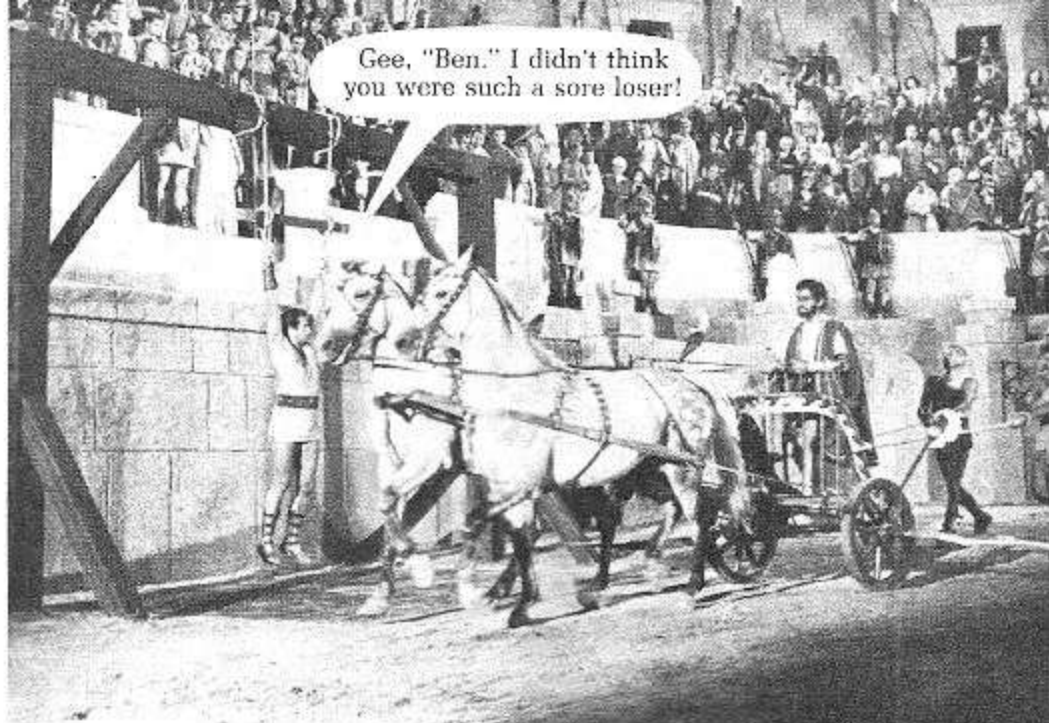
We're gonna pipe yon rats right out of Hamelin town, a yeh! yeh! yeh!



It's not your fault, honey. How were you to know that "Forest Lawn" wasn't a swinging resort.



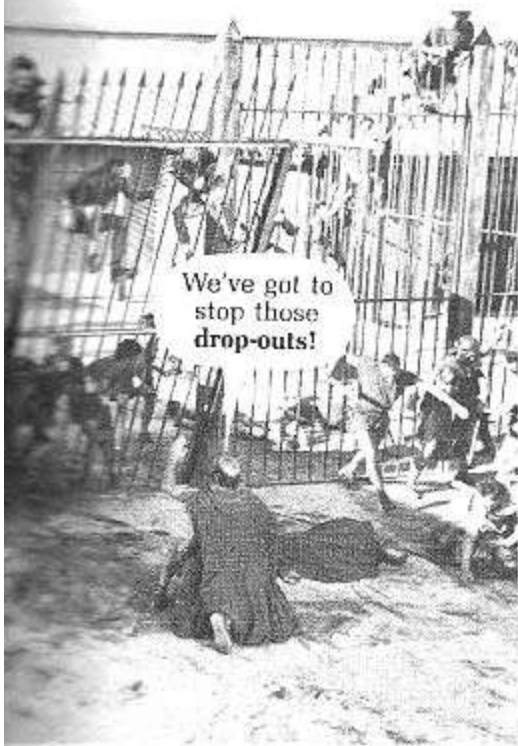
Gee, "Ben." I didn't think you were such a sore loser!



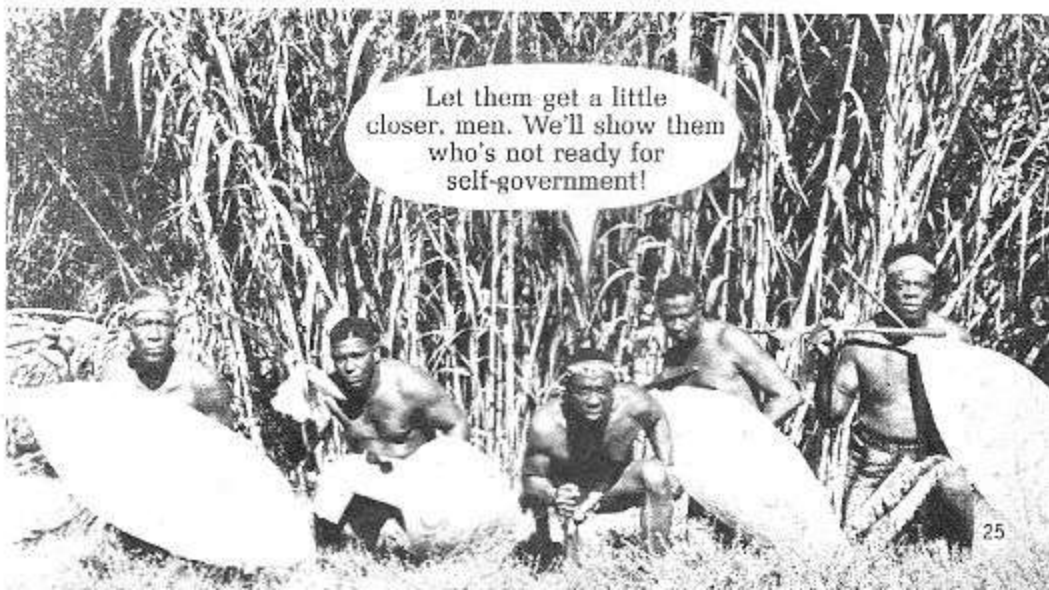
Please, President Johnson! — Over here!



We've got to stop those drop-outs!



Let them get a little closer, men. We'll show them who's not ready for self-government!



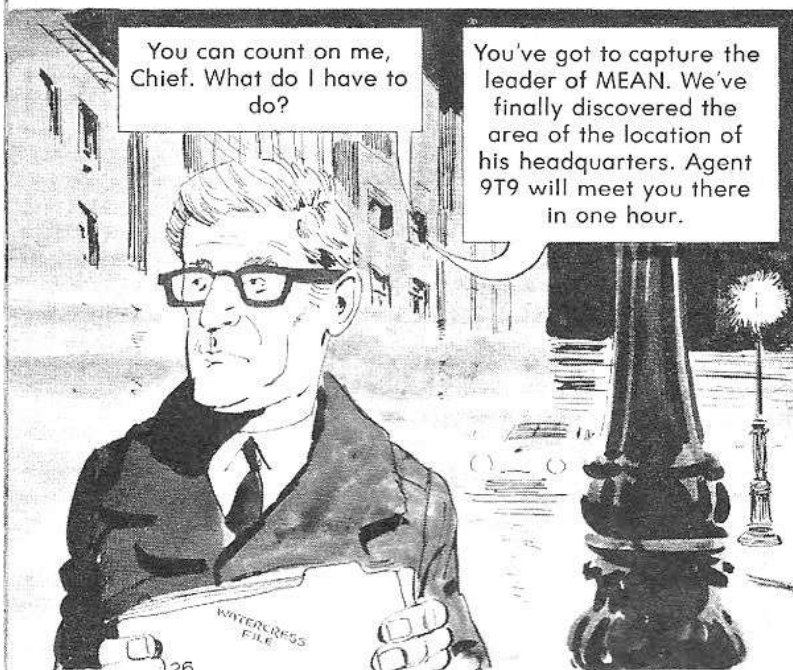
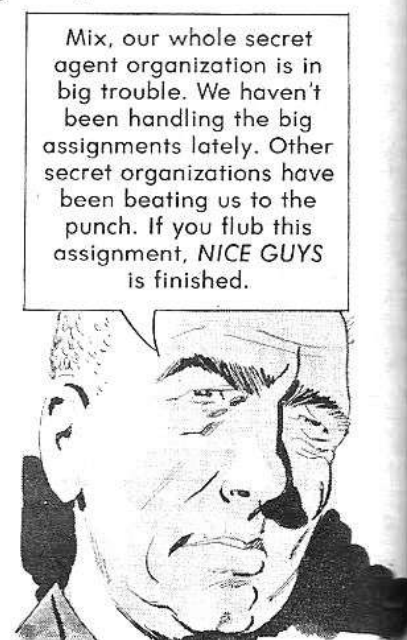
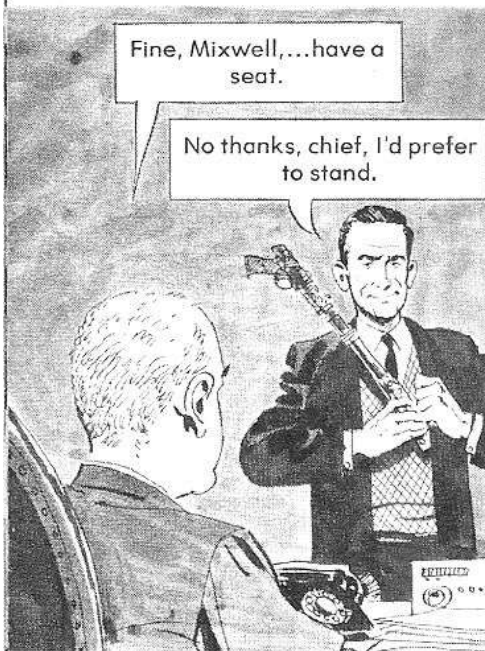
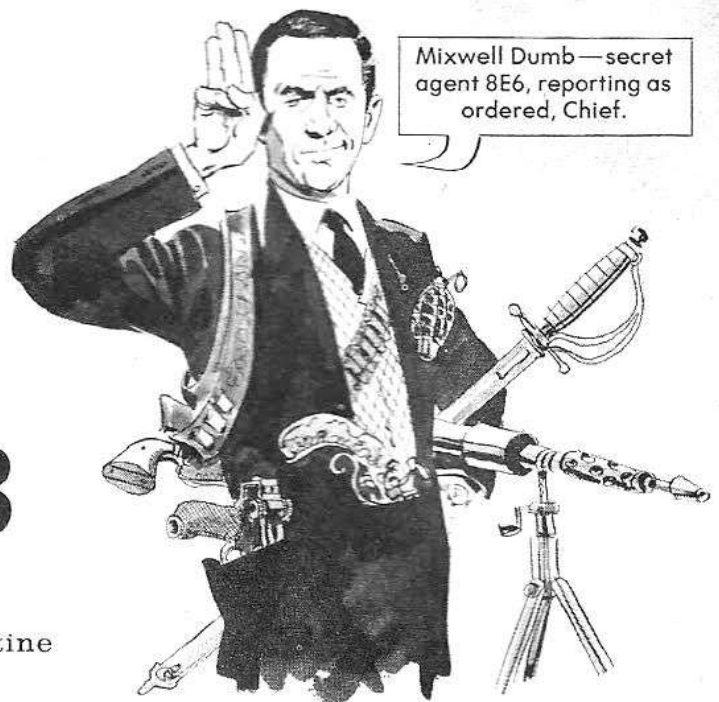
SUPER SPIES

In our last issue, we tried to show what t.v. would be like if several Westerns were mixed together into one big spectacular, something like: "Have Gun-smoke, Will Travel By Iron Horse to the Bonanza at Laredo in the Wild Wild West!"

We tried, but we didn't quite make it. So, now we're going to do it again. This time with SECRET AGENT shows featuring the Huckleberry Fink of espionage, in—

GET DUMB

Art by Angelo Torres Script by Calvin Castine



One hour later.....

Hello, Mix.

I'm sorry, 9T9, but I can't talk to you until you've given me the secret code. "These boots were made for walking."

"Your shoes need shining."

Do you really think so? I thought they looked pretty good.

No, Mix, you idiot...that's part of the code.

Oh yeh!

Why do you always insist on using a code, when you know you can never remember what you're supposed to say?

It makes me feel like a big league spy. Someday I want to become the world's greatest secret agent. I'm going to be even better than you-know-who. I'm going to be the MICKEY MANTLE of espionage!

Say, 9T9, something just occurred to me. I don't know your real name. All I've ever called you is "Agent 9T9". What is your real name?

I'd rather not say, Mix.

Aw come on, 9T9, it can't be as bad as all that. Anything is better than "9T9".

Oh, all right! My real name is Virginia Blatz.

Well, maybe 9T9 isn't such a bad name after all.

Look, Mixwell, there's a tall blonde coming this way. Do you recognize her?

That's either Illyuh Bellyachin', one of the Men from U.N.C.O.U.T.H., or it's the ugliest looking girl I've ever seen.

If that's Illyuh Bellyachin', then his co-agent, Napkin Polo, must be around here somewhere. He's probably sneaking up on us right now.

Don't be ridiculous, 9T9.
That's impossible.

All right, stick 'em up.
I've got you both covered.

Well, anyway, it's ALMOST
impossible.

Congratulations, Napkin,
you've captured two of
T.R.A.S.H.'s seediest-
looking agents.



Wait! You've got us all
wrong. We're not
T.R.A.S.H. agents, we're
NICE GUY agents.

If you don't mind, 9T9, I'd
like to handle this. You've
got us all wrong, fellows.
We're not T.R.A.S.H.
agents, we're NICE GUY
agents!

A likely story.

They may be telling the
truth, Illyuh. I'll contact
Mr. Wavey with my
miniature radio trans-
mitter, and see what he
thinks...Besides, it'll give
us a chance to deliver
some of that dry humor
we're noted for.

Be careful with that
transmitter, the last time
you used it, you got
Murray the "K" by
mistake, and we ended
up with three hours of "I
Wanna Hold Your Hand".

I said "dry" humor, not
dehydrated.



It looks like we'll have to
bring them back to our
secret headquarters. But
first, we'd better use our
special U.N.C.O.U.T.H.
sleep inducers—our gun
butts. Clobber 'em on the
head, Illyuh.

All right, Napkin. One
lump or two?

All right, fellow. I've got
you covered. Don't make
a move.

Ouch! Don't you guys
have anything better to
do than to stick your
secret spy guns in my
ribs!? The least you could
do is remove the bayonet
first.



Ah, it's John Drape—the secret agent man. You probably think you've got me captured, but my partner, agent 9T9, is sneaking up behind you, right now.

Did you actually think I'd fall for that old trick? What kind of a fool do you think I am?

I don't know, what kind are you?

Now maybe we can get back to searching for Mr. M.E.A.N.

Why not, Mix?

When you've been a secret agent as long as I have, you'll be able to deduce things like that from various clues... like those two guys standing in the corner, pointing guns at us.

Gosh! Two more secret agents...Killy Robinson and Scatt Ballou.

Secret agents! Are we secret agents, Killy? I thought we just ran around the world chasing broads.

You fellows won't get away with this. At this very moment, there are 25 highly-trained NICE GUY combat specialists closing in on this very spot.

I find that very hard to believe.

Would you believe seven combat specialists, and an ex-marine?

I don't think so.

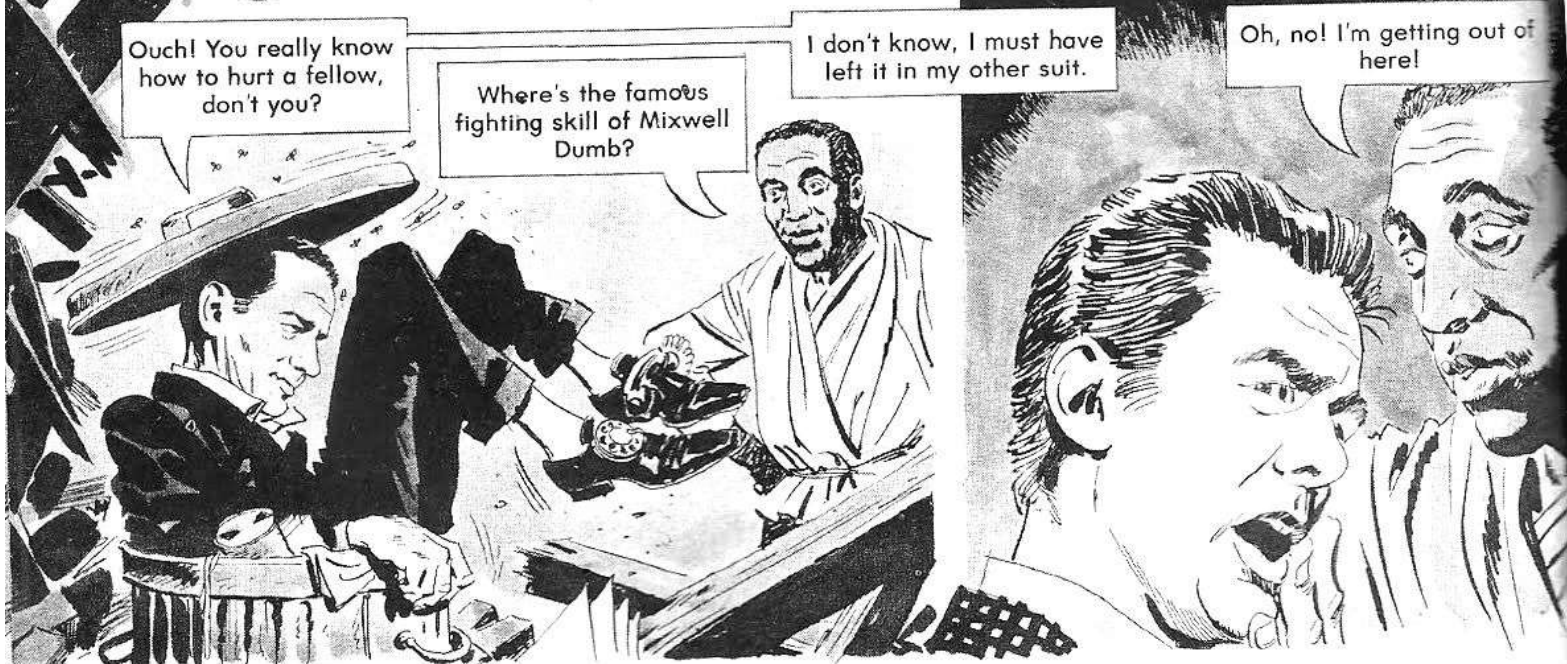
How about two cub scouts and a garter snake?

Well, since that didn't scare you, I'll have to think of some other trick to get us out of this mess. I'll fight one of you for our freedom. If you win, we won't give you any more trouble; if I win, it'll be a miracle.

OK! I'll fight you.

Be careful, Mix. I've heard that Scott Ballou is an expert in Karate, Judo, Jui Jitsu, Yubiwaza, Akawi, Finkyoui, and Indian Wrestling.

That's okay, he'll just have to take his chances.



Well, what do you know?
—it's sleeping gas!



A few hours later...

Quickly, Mix, let's contact
headquarters with my
miniature radio
transmitter.

Where did you have that
hidden? They must have
searched you—the lucky
slobs.



I hid it in a place where
they could never hope to
find it,...my purse.

Hello, chief, I'm glad you
called. 9T9 and I have got
ourselves an emergency.



Oh, you got an
emergency, too! Some
nitwit forgot to turn off
the cobalt-powered
destructo atomizer, and
now it's too hot to go
near.

But chief, I was the last
one to use it, and I'm
positive I shut it off right
after I deflammabrazed
the burrmasher.

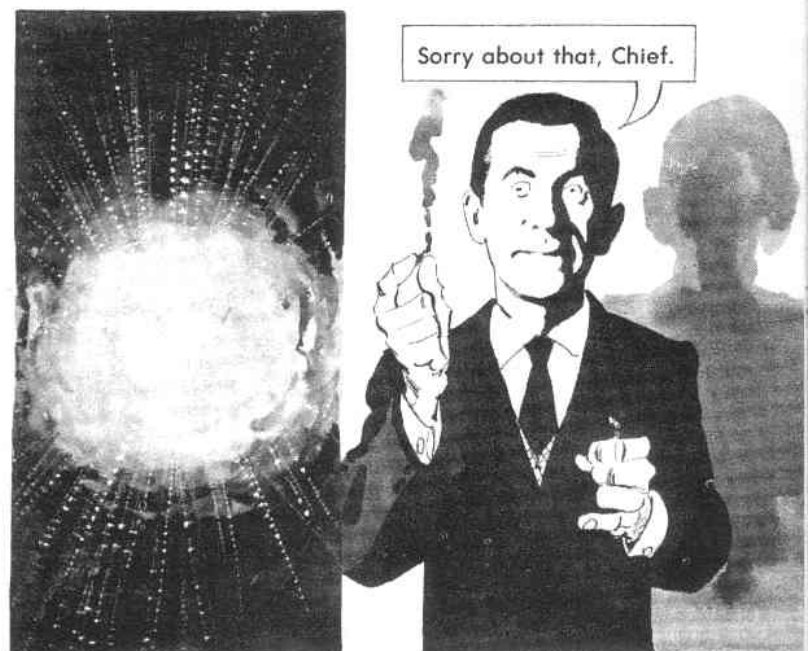


Oh, the burrmasher
isn't deflammabrazed?

I can't believe that the
cobalt-powered destructo
atomizer has been on all
this time. If it had been
on all this time, it would
blow up our whole
headquarters in exactly 3
seconds. It's impossible.



Sorry about that, Chief.



!TEENMAN!

AND THE DRAFT DODGERS

by Bob Elliott

Script by Francis DiBacco

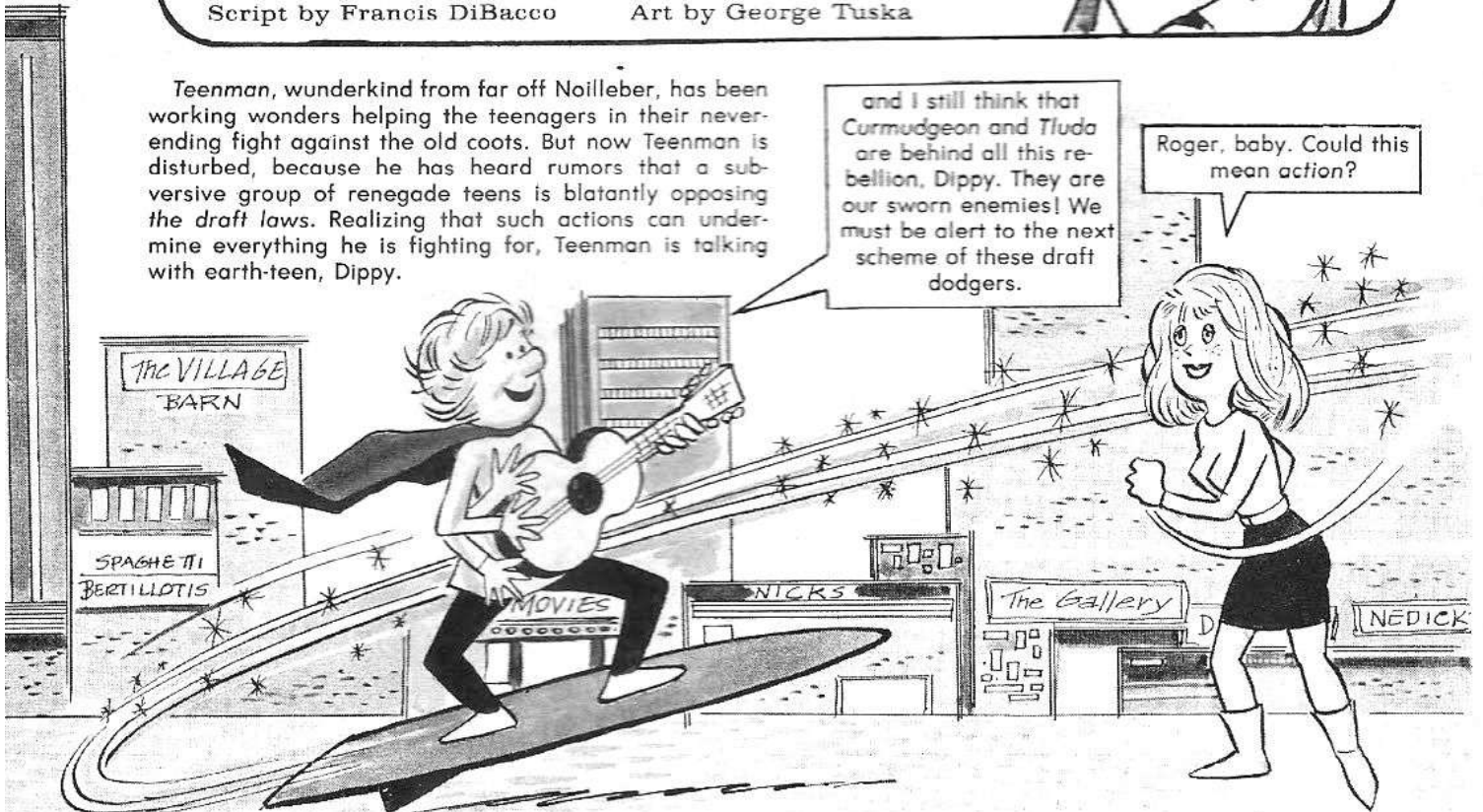
Art by George Tuska



Teenman, wunderkind from far off Noilleber, has been working wonders helping the teenagers in their never-ending fight against the old coots. But now Teenman is disturbed, because he has heard rumors that a subversive group of renegade teens is blatantly opposing the draft laws. Realizing that such actions can undermine everything he is fighting for, Teenman is talking with earth-teen, Dippy.

and I still think that Curmudgeon and Tluda are behind all this rebellion, Dippy. They are our sworn enemies! We must be alert to the next scheme of these draft dodgers.

Roger, baby. Could this mean action?



(SUPER TRANSISTOR, ON THE TEENWAVE AT ALL TIMES, BLASTS OUT)

Hello Teenman. Calling Teenman. Do you read me?

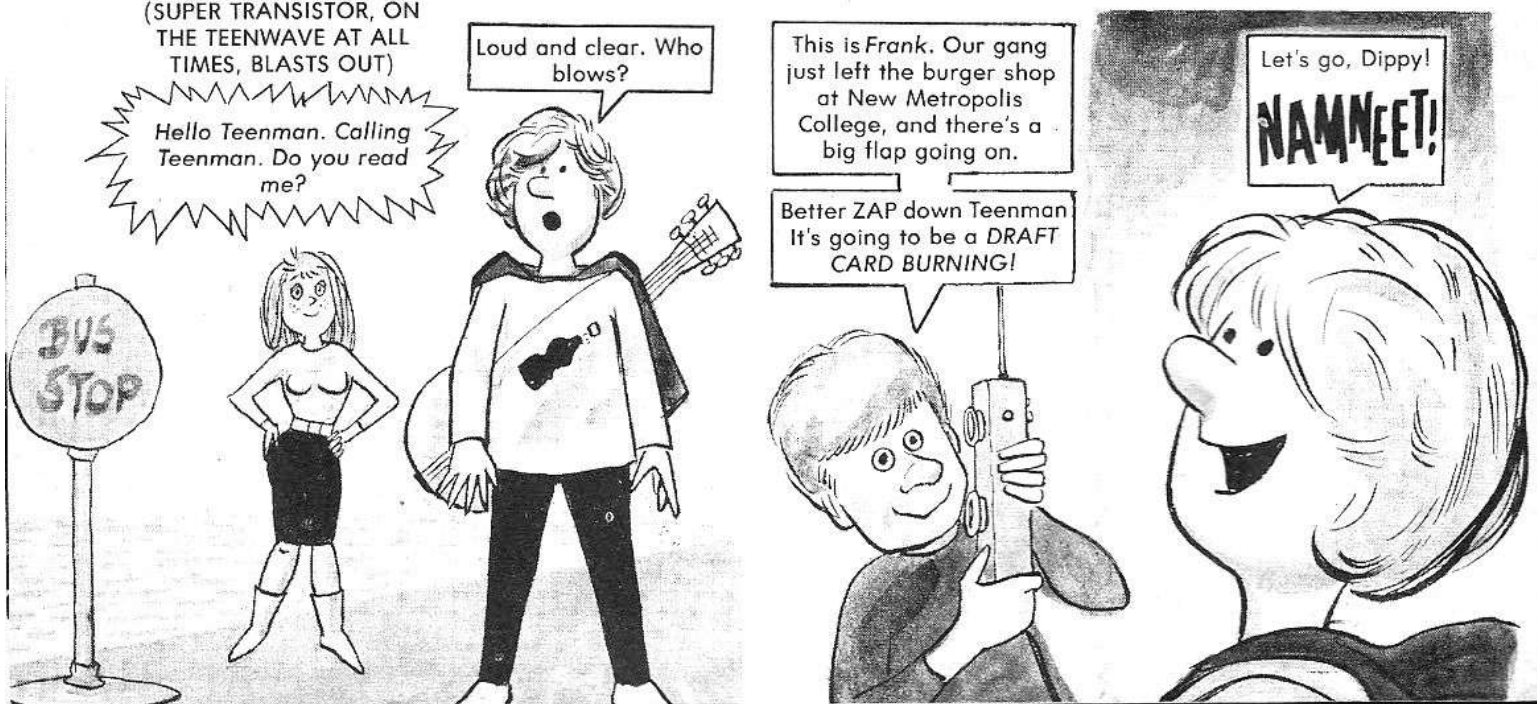
Loud and clear. Who blows?

This is Frank. Our gang just left the burger shop at New Metropolis College, and there's a big flap going on.

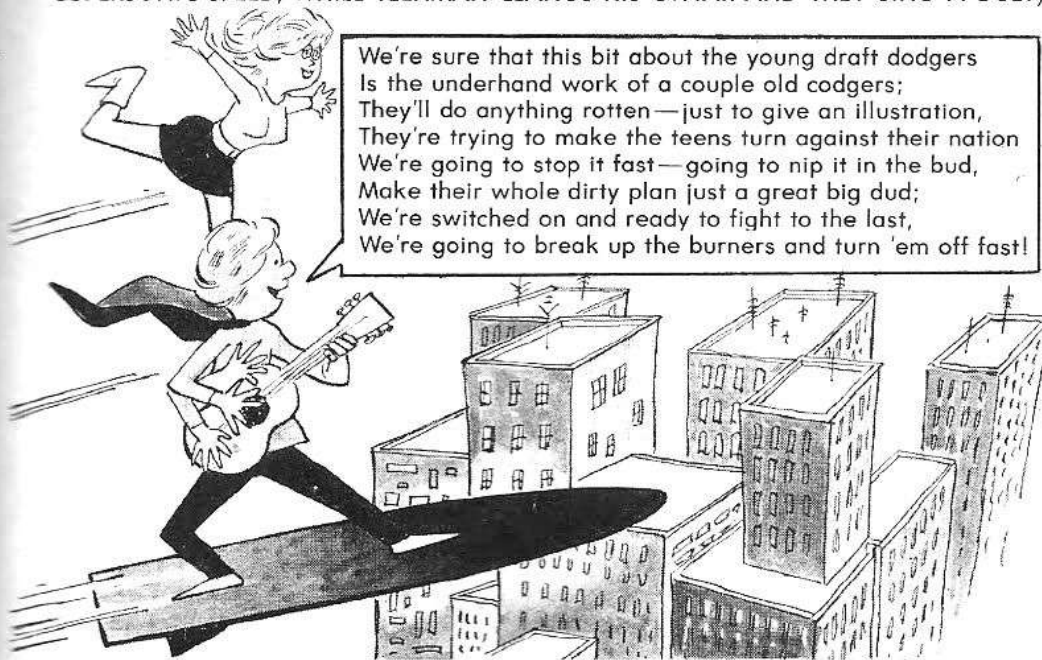
Better ZAP down Teenman. It's going to be a DRAFT CARD BURNING!

Let's go, Dippy!

NAMNEET!



(LEAPING ON THE SUPER SURFPIECE, THEY ZAP OUT AND UP AND AWAY AT SUPER-SUPERSONIC SPEED, WHILE TEENMAN CLANGS HIS GUITAR AND THEY SING A DUET)



We're sure that this bit about the young draft dodgers
Is the underhand work of a couple old codgers;
They'll do anything rotten—just to give an illustration,
They're trying to make the teens turn against their nation
We're going to stop it fast—going to nip it in the bud,
Make their whole dirty plan just a great big dud;
We're switched on and ready to fight to the last,
We're going to break up the burners and turn 'em off fast!

AHA! My super
penetracious eyeballs
show me it's Curmudgeon
and Tluda disguised as
liberal professors. HARK!



As I said, men, you play
our arrangements, and
we'll make a real good
scene for you.

Like what, dad?

Like straight A's in
everything, LSD in your
corn flakes, a girl in every
room—

And some real sexy
books. Uncut versions of
Grimm's Fairy Tales and
under-the-counter prints
of Aesop's fables—with
pix.

So what you pitchin', dad?



Well—just for kicks—
we have these chemically
treated oil-dipped draft
cards. When this pep rally
starts, you light up your
cards and they give up
thick black smoke that
spells out WE PROTEST.

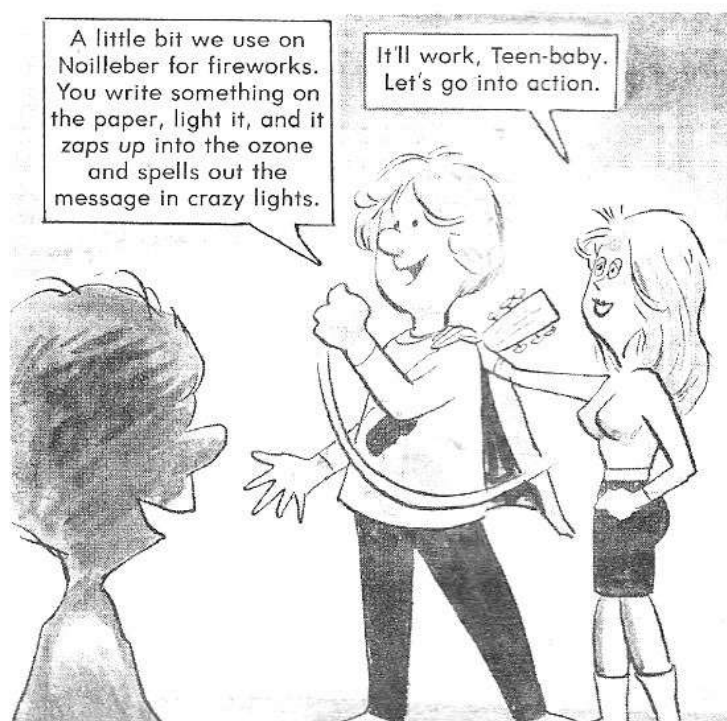
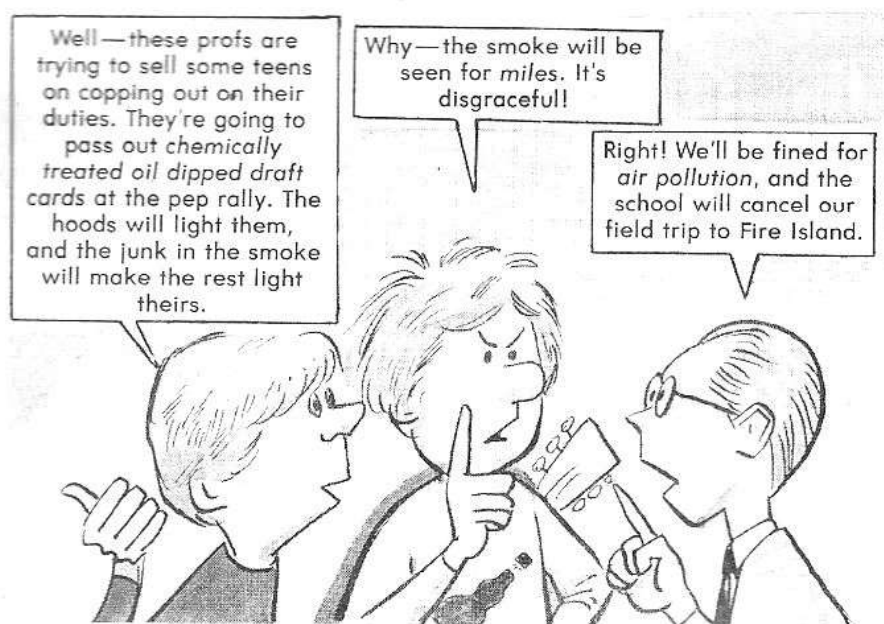
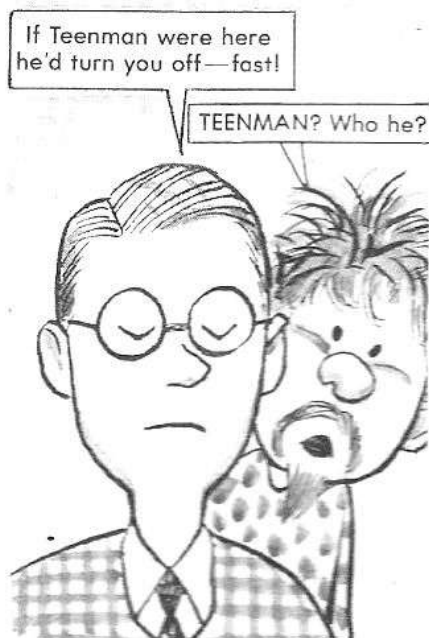
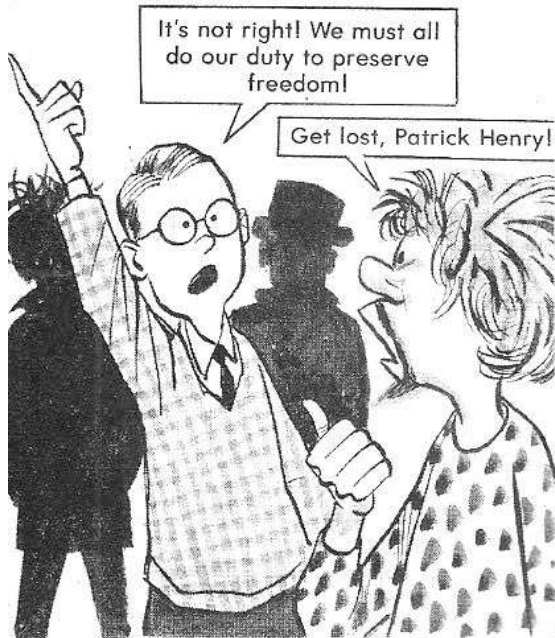
Man—that's
a gas!

Exactly. The gas from the
chemical will influence
everyone else to burn
their cards too.

I dig, pops. Zap me a card

And some of those
mellow corn flakes—
with the LSD.





Great. You and I will pose as East Village others to be authentic. Ready?

(THEY ASSUME INSTANT BEAT DISGUISES, AND STROLL BY THE FAKE-OUT PROFS, CLANGING A PROTEST SONG)

I ain't gonna fight no war today,
I ain't joinin' no Peace Corps today,
I'm gonna play it safe in the USA,
If they want men, let 'em take LBJ.

Hsssst! Good material.
Let's ask Dylan there if
he'd like to burn.

O.K., cats—Put the
torch to 'em whenever
you're ready.

See this? My credit card.
Give me credit for
torching it.

BURN, BABY, BURN!

(IT BURSTS INTO A
BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF
FIREWORKS. THE TEENS
GO MAD AND CHEER
WILDLY, CAUGHT UP IN
THE GRIP OF PATRIOTIC
HYSTERIA.)

That card burning attempt
was just a cowardly
cop-out. The message
those hoods unknowingly
sent up will show the
adult put-downers that
WE'RE patriotic enough
to go and fight the wars
THEY start with their
greed and stupidity.

Well, Dippy—another
battle won! Gosh, what a
swell kid the average
teen is.

Especially you, you
adorable, un-earthly Teen
baby!

MOVIE SPOOF

By Bill Majeski

When "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" was a hit play on Broadway, it was a shocker. Now, as a movie, it is still a shocker. Seventy-seven ushers are still being treated for tingling ears because of the language used.

The movies refused to admit any children to see it unless accompanied by an adult. Sick's editors refuse to let adults read this review unless accompanied by a child.

Edward Albee, playwright, said he got the title from a scrawl on a Greenwich Village wall—apparently the same place he got some of the dialogue. Theme of the picture is that marriage between members of the opposite sex can't work out, an idea based on the theory that mixed marriages are not successful.

The film, released on a moonless night by Warner Bros., stars unknowns Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal and Sandy Dennis. Mike Nichols was the director. Screenplay was written by Ernest Lehman, with additional dialogue by an unidentified drunk who shouted harsh greetings to passers-by.


3—The alcohol consumed by the performers in this picture was staggering. The drinking carries with it the adage—"one swallow doesn't necessarily make a spring, but too many of them can lead to a fall." As elder matriarch at the university, Liz feels it only fair in this scene, to explain in calm, reasoned tones, that Segal is stepping out of line. He doesn't have tenure; he hasn't proved himself. After all, did he make a picture called "Cleopatra" and spend \$7 million? He rebuts her by taking her into the next room for hugs and squeezes and various other kitchen privileges which lured him to this college in the first place.



1—Elizabeth Taylor, wife of professor Richard Burton, seen reading the Lonely Hearts advertisements in a local tabloid, places a warning hand on young professor George Segal's arm. If this were basketball, she'd be penalized. But Liz isn't playing basketball; she's playing another game. Liz just returned from winning a cleavage contest. Segal is checking the judge's decision. Sandy Dennis, drink in hand, is holding a gun. Both she and the gun are loaded.

4—A wonderful bit of warm-hearted harmony is evidenced here as the loving, typical American couple indulge in their typical 3 a.m. songfest, a torchy lament entitled "Nobody Knows The Trouble We've Seen Since We Lost Our Asp in Cleopatra." Burton sings 45 r.p.m. while Liz is long-playing. Segal remains silent. He doesn't like to swear.






She was only a second-hand furniture dealer's daughter, but she didn't allow much on the old sofa.

2—Burton has the gun now. He knows that the penalty for scene stealing in Hollywood is death—or 20 days in oblivion, whichever occurs first. While Burton holds the rifle, young Sandy Dennis has slipped upstairs to rifle the bedrooms. In this scene, Liz sings a


doleful ditty to Segal entitled, "Young Professors Should Be Obscene and Not Heard." George now has his hand on her arm, apparently a new love play unearthed by playwright Albee, replacing lips, etc.

5—Liz has changed clothes for this fight scene, slipping into an outfit she wore in "National Velvet", made when she was about 10 years old. Fortunately it still fits. Burton, on the offensive in this scene, is using an open hand karate chop while Liz retaliates with a rib squeeze and a curse. Picture has record number of four-letter words, 27. It also contains lots of five-letter words, six-letter words and one 15-letter word which will be made into a movie all by itself. And do you know why Burton is so mad at Liz? It's because she loused up a few notes during their last song.

6—Riotous, rib-tickling windup of this warm-hearted musical romp, comes to a rousing climax when all four principals stage the new dance craze—the Booze Bounce. Burton snaps his fingers to the toe-tapping dance, while Sandy Dennis holds her ears. She's a music lover. Liz, firmly in the grasp of her partner, Segal, sings joyously: "Although you've surrounded yourself with books, your actions speak volumes with me." Choreography for the Booze Bounce was done by Dean Martin.



My last dentist didn't work like this.



And no more "Burton, Burton, who's got the Burton?" jokes either!

"Real Life Rich Kid"

"I lived in a neighborhood so exclusive we had an unlisted zone number."

"From where I lived the lower East Side was only a rumor."

"When I was bad my father used to tell me, 'Go to your rooms!'"

"My house was so big if you phoned the kitchen from the bedroom it was a long-distance call."

"To show you how wealthy my family was, we used to buy retail."

"I didn't have a governess—I had a governor!"

"My piggy bank was a real pig. My rocking horse was a real horse. When I played Blind Man's Bluff"

"On one of my birthdays my father bought me a boy for my dog."

"My friends and I used to go to weddings and instead of rice we'd throw money."



London Lee is a dynamic young comedian whose career is skyrocketing every day. It was Ed Sullivan who called him "the spokesman for the teenage generation." This, because London looks like a teenager, talks like a teenager and relates to the teenager. With numerous appearances on the Ed Sullivan, Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas TV shows, his story has become known to millions—namely, he is looking for "love and acceptance" in an identity all his own.

Almost all our great comics were born in poverty—invariably on Manhattan's lower East Side—and had to fight their way up. London was raised amidst wealth and splendor—and had to fight his way down. "Most of the children in my neighborhood were born with a silver spoon in their mouths," he says. "I was born with a 12-piece place setting." Actually, he was born in London, England, where his mother was vacationing at the time. "Which is a good thing," he insists, "I would have been lost there without her."

His father, a renowned clothing manufacturer, financed London thru college, then turned the boy loose to make it on his own. London however, wasn't used to shifting for himself. "All through childhood," he recalls, "I had servants catering to my every wish. My baby nurse was a mistake though. She was an alcoholic and she used to hide her booze in my baby bottle. I was ten years old before I was able to walk straight." And so when London was turned loose he promptly got a job—as a dress salesman in his father's firm. "I hated it," snarls London, "and soon left to open a record company."

The music business didn't work out and London returned to his father. "This time I didn't hate it," he claims, "I detested it. I began looking around for work that had more substance and meaning. I decided to become a golf pro. But that didn't work either. I don't play golf." So once more London returned to his father's firm.

After that it was back and forth between his father's firm and assorted ventures that all backfired. Feeling that maybe New York wasn't ready for him, London took off for Los Angeles where he got a job driving a cab by day and washing dishes at night.

One day a friend told London that he ought to try show business because his story carried a great message for today's children. "While I was trying to figure out what the message was, I wandered into a night club and the next thing I knew I was on stage performing. And there wasn't a child in the audience." Up there on that stage, for the first time in his life he felt important. The club owner was so impressed he hired him on the spot.

In 1963, an appearance on a "Talent Scouts" TV Show emceed by Merv Griffin brought him national attention. A year later, Ed Sullivan signed London for a series of appearances and he was on his way to the top.

Here is a pictorial interview with

LONDON Lee

A RICH KID'S SKETCH- BOOK

My earliest recollection of living the good life dates back to my nursery days when my father bought me my first set of blocks — these blocks were all located on Park and Madison Avenue. I tried hard to be like all the rest of the kids, so I played games like doctor — but I played it at the Mayo Clinic. My parents were always very careful about the company I kept, and forbade me to play with the poorer kids on my block like: little Winnie Rockefeller, Jakie Astor and Ari Onassis. So, my father played with me. Games like Monopoly. One time I won a power company — Con Edison. And my father let me keep it. My dad was very class-conscious. While other families kept up with the Jones' — he kept up with the Getty's. I noticed this at an early age. When other kids on the block got piggy-banks, I got a bank too. — On Wall St.! — I had a real friend at Chase Manhattan — me!



Art by The Professor

It may be hard to believe, but one time I was actually an underprivileged kid. My father had some setbacks in the stock-market and I didn't have any regular marbles to play with, so I had to use some old stones we had lying around the house — The Star of India and the Hope Diamond. But, things picked up again, and all through the rest of my life, nothing was ever too good for me.

When I went to school and had trouble with Math, my father hired me a private tutor — Albert Einstein. But, domestic brand schools weren't good enough, so my dad sent me overseas to London. I was named after this place, because it was dear to my father's heart. It was the first city he ever owned.

Since my mother wanted me to sleep home at night, my father bought me a private jet to commute to England every day. I was the first wet-behind-the-ears jet-setter. My father wanted to call this plane "Air Force Number One," but some Texas type had that name already.

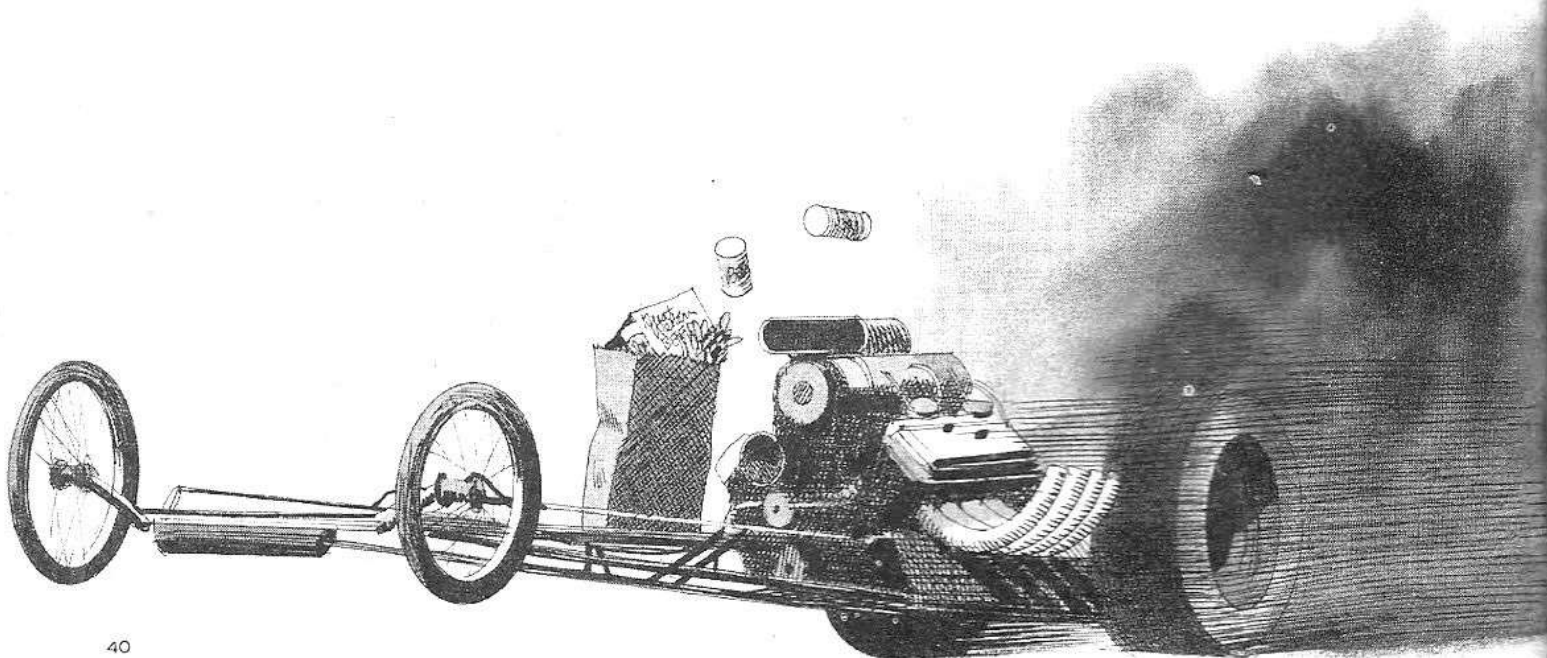


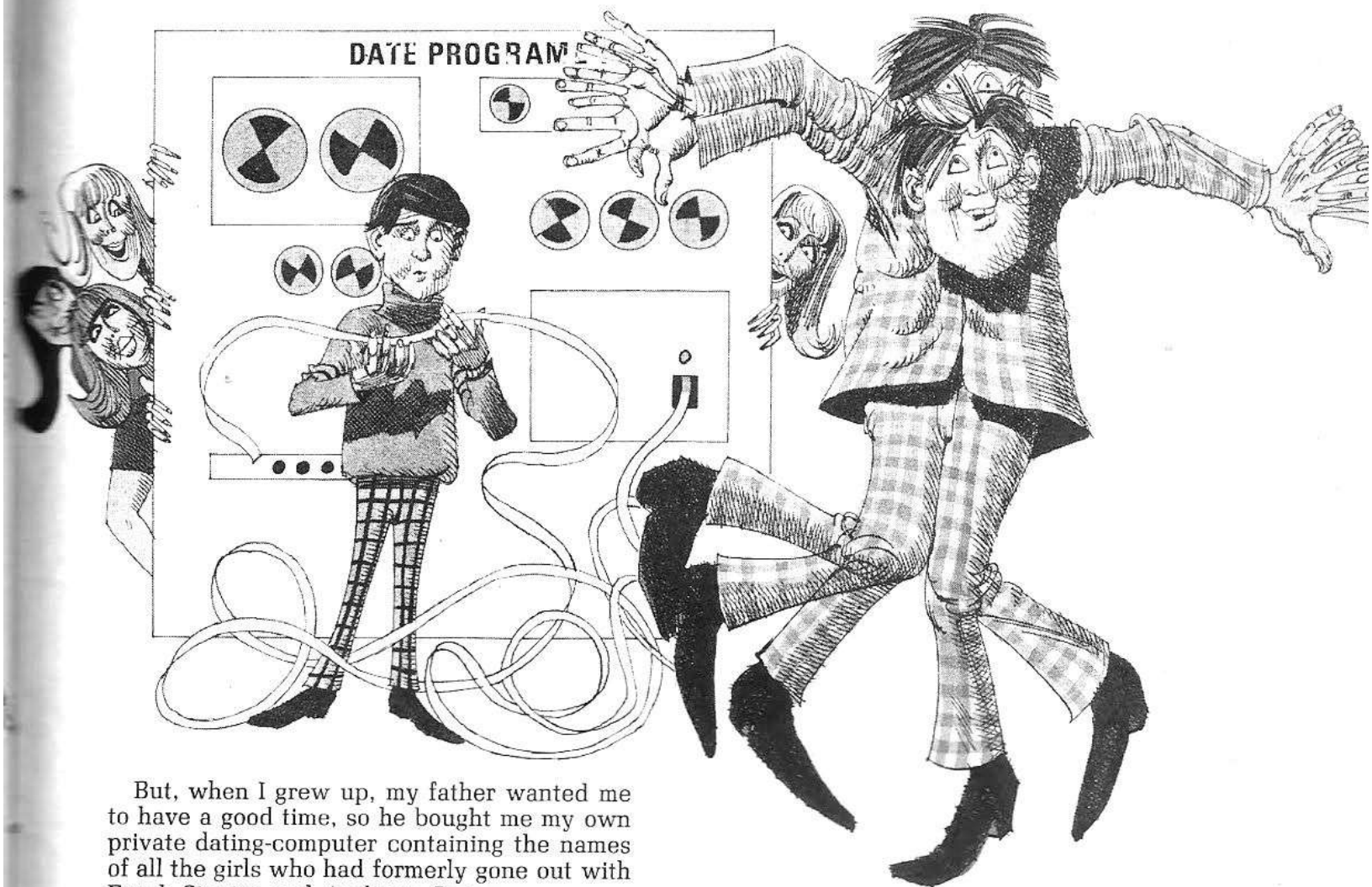
Script by Fred Wolfe



My father was on the Board of Directors of this English school. What a great kick! I was the only kid who ever fired his teachers. Eventually, I went to a French School where they had an all female teaching staff. I was a pretty precocious kid, and I had to leave when my dad found out I was keeping **them** in after school.

Other kids got an allowance — I got a salary. And it was such a large salary, I had to take half of it in stock. And I had to have a special kind of pet too. Other children had dogs or cats. My father bought me an Abominable Snowman. But, we finally had to send him back because he was very lonely. We tried to find him a mate, but Phyllis Diller was married at the time.



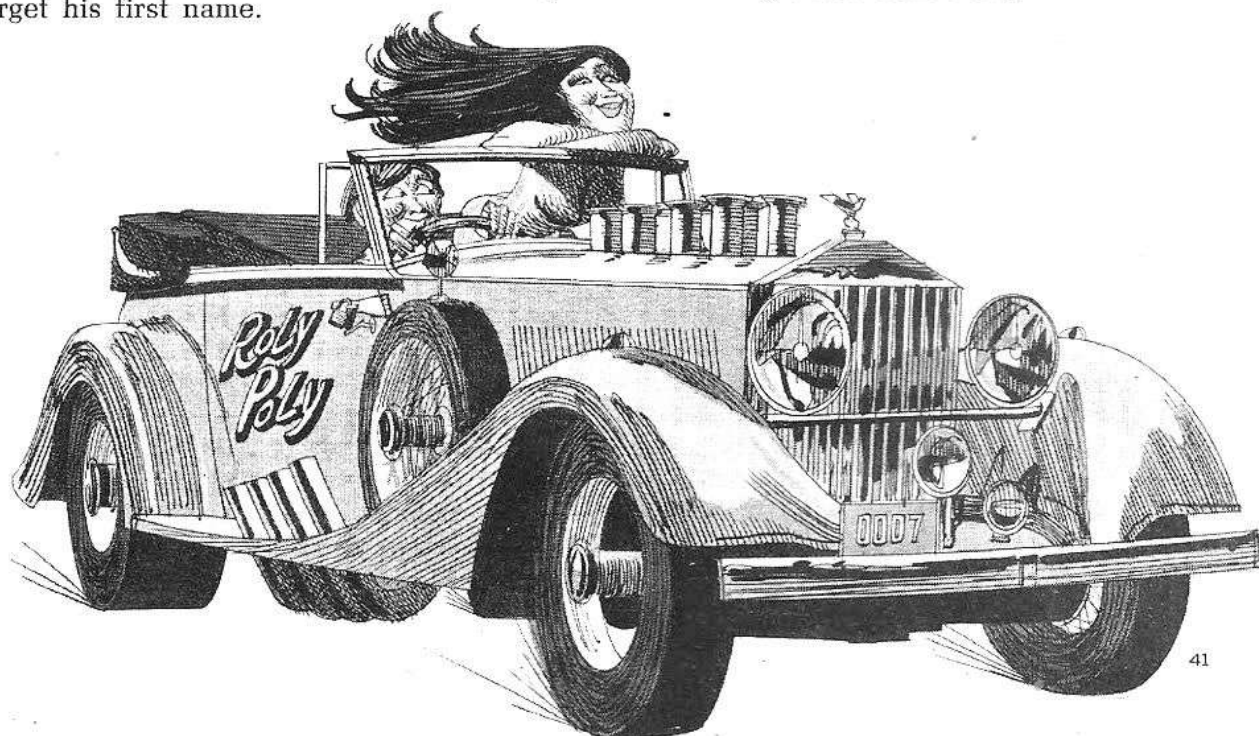


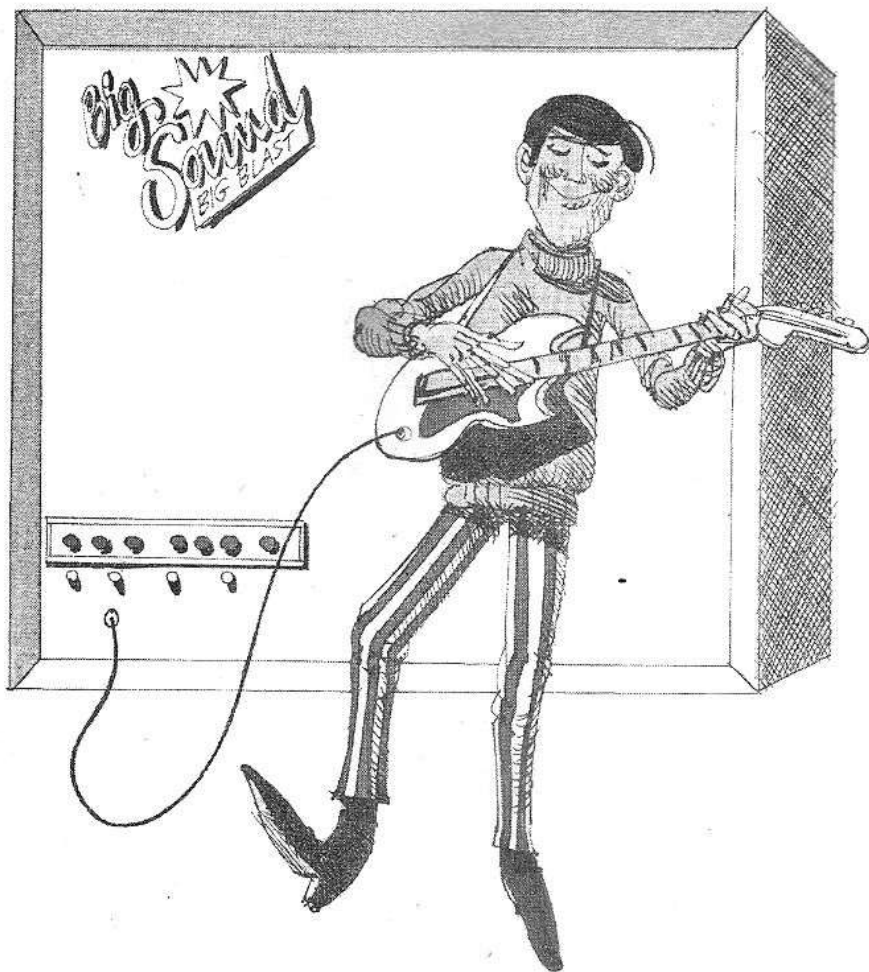
But, when I grew up, my father wanted me to have a good time, so he bought me my own private dating-computer containing the names of all the girls who had formerly gone out with Frank Sinatra and Anthony Quinn.

And when all the kids started to build hot-rods, my father didn't want me to dirty my hands, so he had a friend of his put one together for me. His friend's name was a Mr. Rolls. I forget his first name.

But, having money can be a burden sometimes. I remember the night that I went to a discotheque and dropped my wallet on my foot, making me scream and leap up and down.

But, it wasn't a total loss. They gave me a prize for creating a new dance step





Just before World War II, I took up the guitar and my father bought me one of the biggest Japanese amplifiers ever made. It was so powerful, that it would rock the sky for miles around. As it turned out, it became one of our secret weapons. Every time I played it, I would knock down three Kamakaza planes.

I'll never forget the time I went to the West Coast and hung around with that outlaw motorcycle club, "The Beat Barbarians." I looked great in a black-leather jacket, but my father felt I was too delicate to go in for the actual stunt-riding with these "Wild Ones," so he hired Marlon Brando to sit in for me.

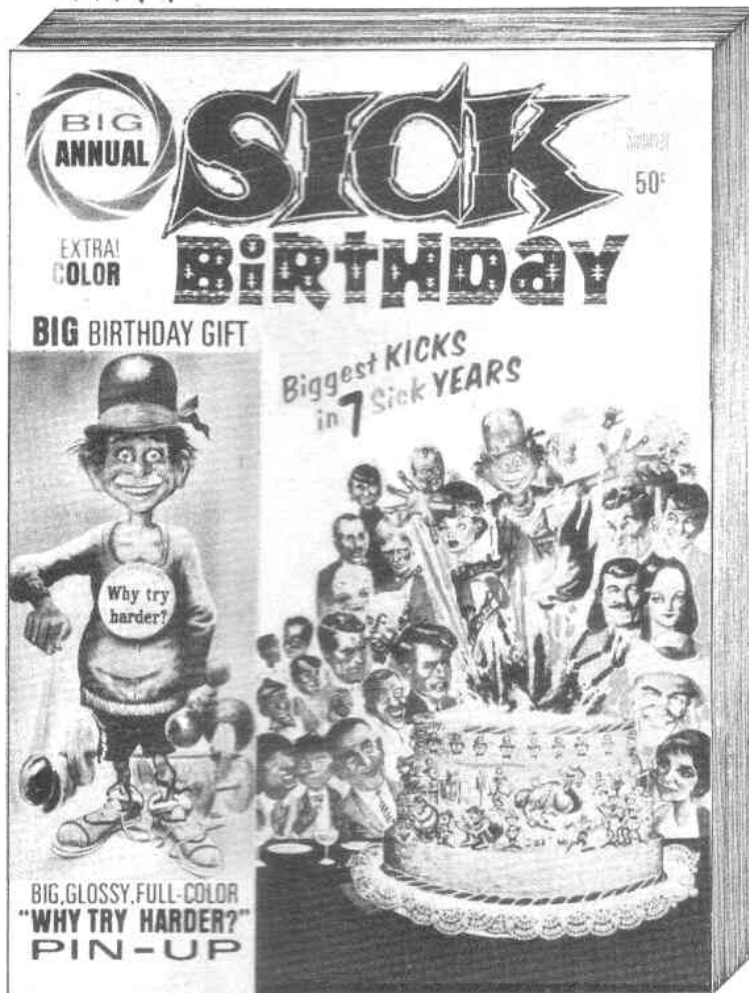
I only have one trouble left in the world — getting drafted. But, my father tells me he's figured out a good sound way for me to beat the draft — he's going to buy the entire Viet Cong!



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HUCKLEBERRY FINK.

Hang it in your den! clubhouse! bedroom! or classroom! This clod is so pitiful, just looking at him is guaranteed to make you feel superior! Will brighten your world! build you up! bring happiness and confidence! Also a good luck piece!

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There are times when people just don't realize how well off they are. For example, viewers are always complaining about how bad the plots are in many of the top television shows. In fact, we ourselves have been guilty of this many

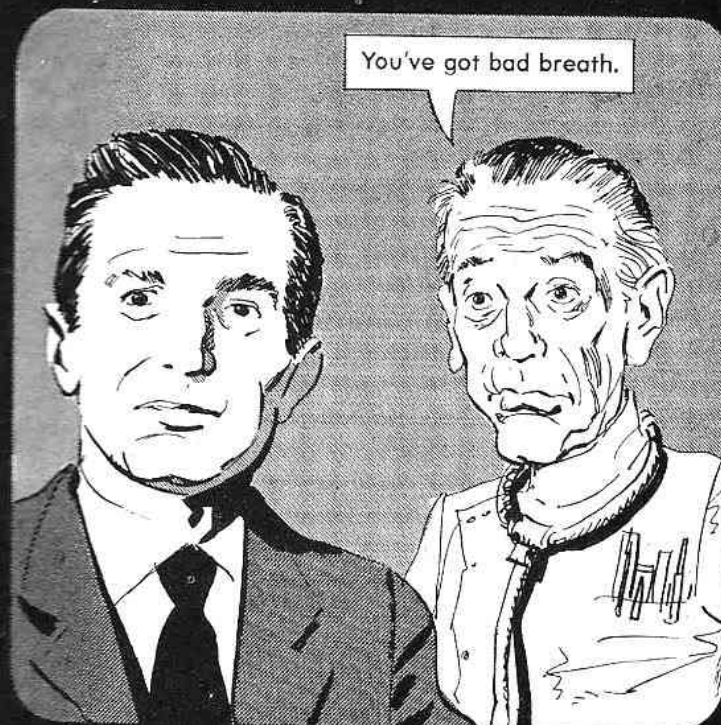
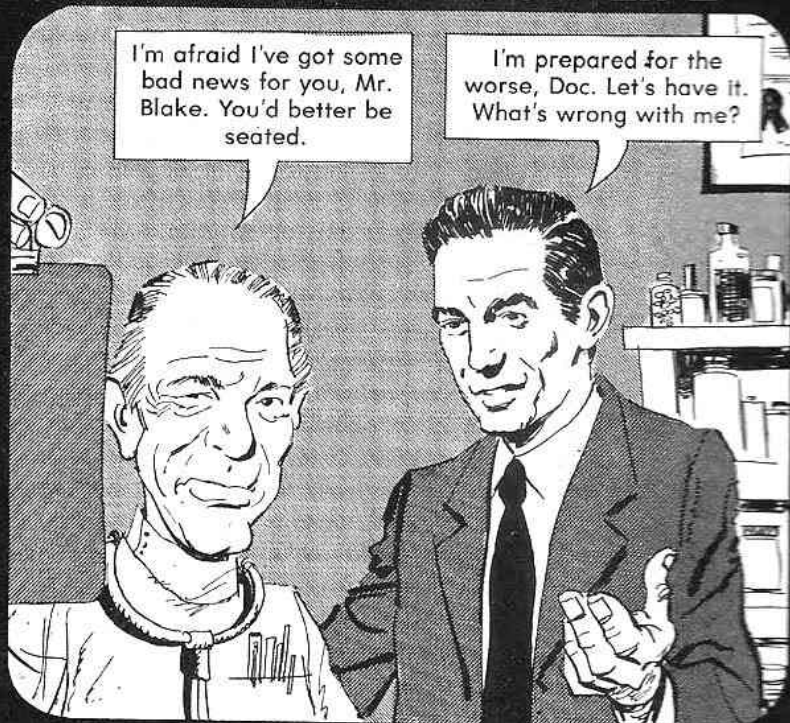
times in the past.

But now, we realize just how lucky we really are. After all, the plots could be a lot worse. And to demonstrate just how much worse, we've prepared a few examples of---

TV SCENES

FROM THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE



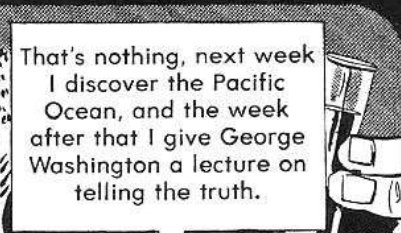
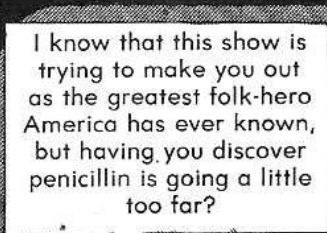
BATMAN



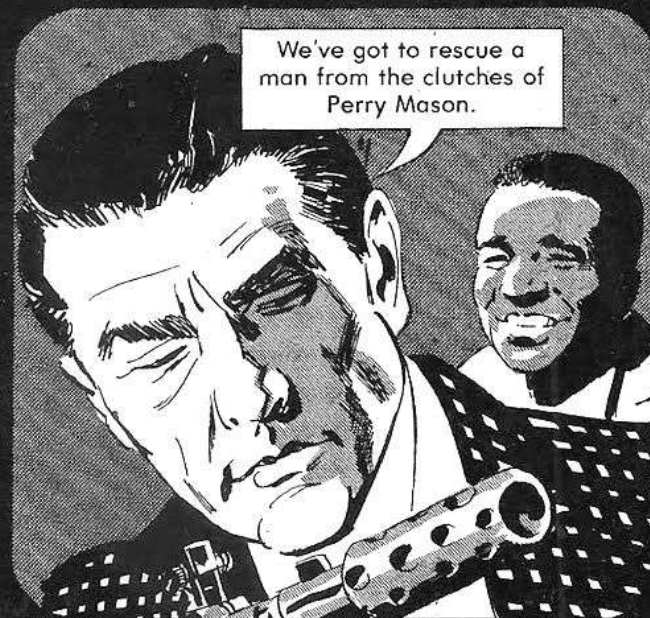
I DREAM OF JEANNIE



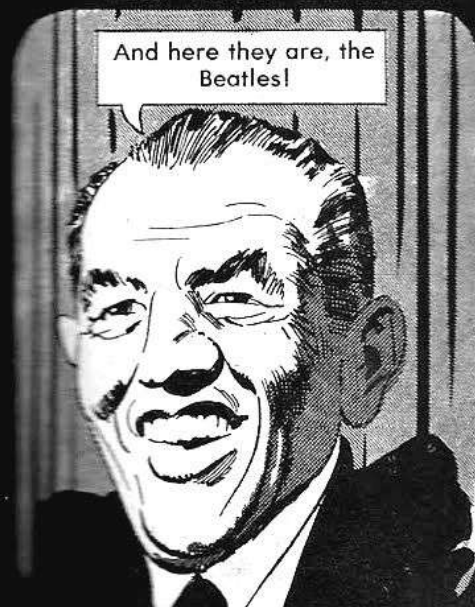
DANIEL BOONE



MISSION IMPOSSIBLE



ED SULLIVAN



First thing you young people must learn as you are about to embark upon the business world is to "Get the most out of your coffee breaks." We at SICK Institute have been fighting to create among companies a "Work Break," that is, a complete day of coffee drinking and pastry eating interrupted only by two 20-minute work breaks in the morning and afternoon. However, most of the companies are not yet enlightened to this degree so we must stumble forth as best we can. Here are some hints on—

SICK'S HANDY HINTS ON HOW



1 Just before your 15 minutes are up, ask the boss if he watched the big game on television the day before. This is good for at least 10 minutes and if it was a close game, it might go into overtime.

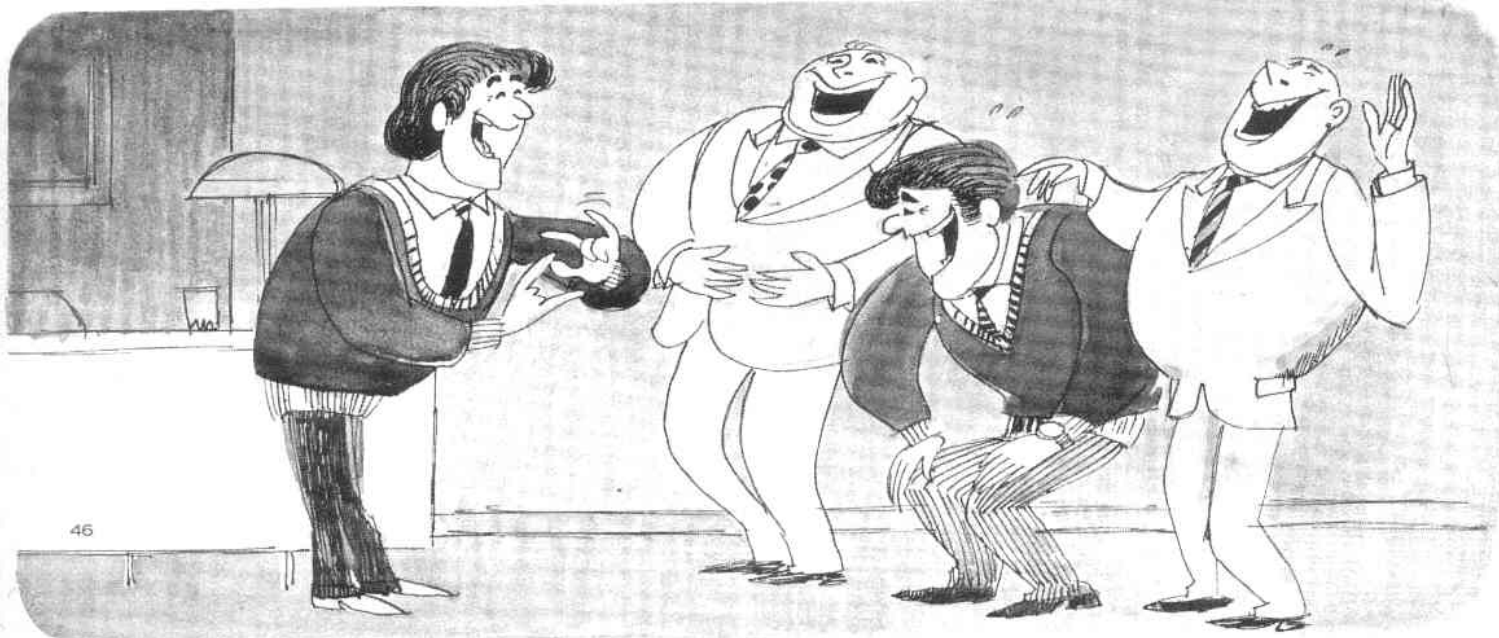
3 Tell funny stories (see examples scattered throughout this magazine) and get three people to laugh uproariously. A rule of thumb is that three good laughs are worth five minutes each. Laughs also make fine companions in the unemployment compensation line in case the boss has heard the gags before.

2 Have your bookie, wife or girl friend phone you and make out the person is a customer, or potential client. Sample dialogue you might employ:

"Yes, I think we can get that order filled without any trouble whatsoever."

"We've been in business a long time and are far more reliable than our competitors."

"Pay cash if you like, but your credit is A-1 with us."



TO STRETCH YOUR COFFEE BREAK

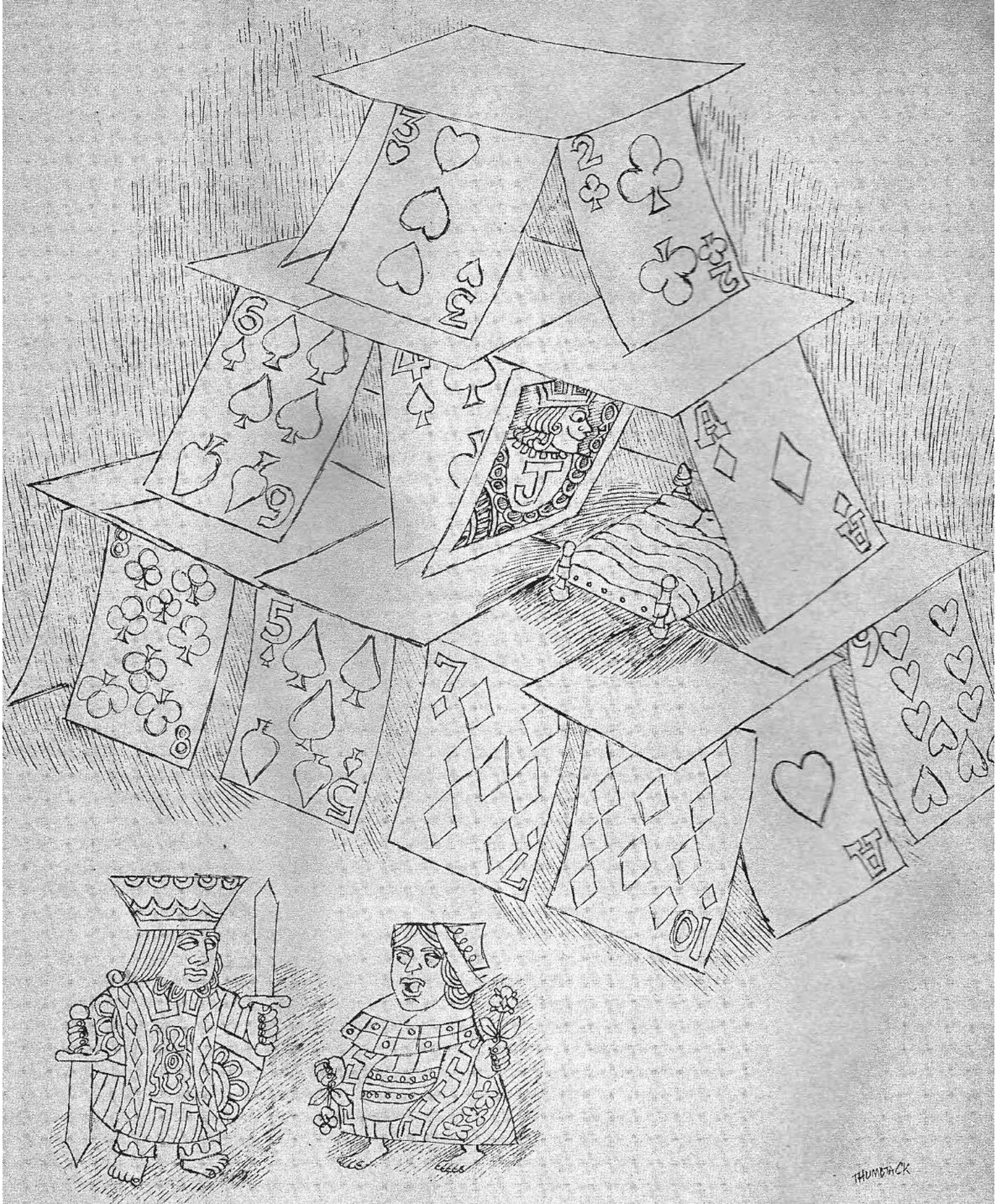
4 Take up a collection for the boss's aging secretary, remembering to start it just as the coffee break is about to end. This could go on all morning if you think clearly enough to ask the boss first. If he consents, (and he must if the secretary is any good at all) he then is implicated and can't very well arbitrarily put a halt to it after the donations start rolling in. *Note: The collection agent is entitled to 10 per cent of the entire proceeds—if no one catches him.*



5 Visit the Red Cross or the dispensary for a hang-nail. If hangnails are hard to get, have someone hang a nail on you, a rusty nail preferably and you can threaten to expose everyone to lockjaw unless you are treated immediately and at great length. *Added thought: No matter what you visit the hospital room for, always return limping. This will free you automatically from rather mundane duties which are tiring, and leave you free for more creative efforts—like thinking of a snappy introduction for the redhead in the adjustments division.*



6 Get your tie caught in the roller of your typewriter. With luck, this can keep you tied to your desk for an hour. No boss wants an employee to walk around with a typewriter hanging from his cravat. Especially at lunchtime in the cafeteria. Bad image. If he forces you to work despite the handicap, threaten him with a law suit in mild, non-legal language. Whimpers and moans can be applied effectively in some situations. Screams are optional.



"I can tell, you don't like the bedroom wallpaper."

BIG SICK YEARBOOK

That's right! SICK's new Yearbook is on sale **NOW!** This giant-sized edition was seven and a half years in the making—six months in production and seven years trying to think up a title.

Besides a barrage of our most sickening features, this hilarious publication will contain **THE MOST COMPLETE PICTORIAL HUMOR HISTORY BOOK** ever published.

Furthermore, for our valuable bonus we commissioned Mad's (remember them?) most famous artist, Jack Davis (remember him?) to paint the second in our "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" series of Pop Art Masterpieces—**THE BURNING OF ROME** (remember that?). This rich, full-color painting features the SICK Laugh King of his time, the ever-popular **Nero**. It's a two-page glossy extravaganza, ideal for framing, that is worth **far more** than the 50¢ price of the whole magazine. We urge you to add to your "Let Us Entertain You" collection—or start your collection now! This fabulous reproduction has been hailed as **the** all-time pop-art showpiece!

What's more, there'll be other exciting features along with these. So don't miss out. Be sure you get your copy. It promises to be the big surprise of the year. Mainly, **we're** the ones who are surprised—seeing that we were finally able to get it out...



WHO IS THE PROFESSOR?

You may have noticed the fabulous art work in certain SICK articles that are signed "The Professor." Who is The Professor? Well, all we are at liberty to disclose is that he is a bona fide faculty member of one of the country's leading art colleges. If enough people write in he may be tempted to reveal his identity. So keep those cards and letters coming in ...

NEXT ISSUE: PTA

For our parody salute next issue we're planning a whole big thing on the PTA—which spells "Plenty Trouble Ahead." This parody will cause a bigger stink among parents and teachers than their own kids cause. We're going to do a really big take-off on this group—which has been described as an organization wherein parents and teachers fight over which of them is to blame for how their kids turned out. So don't miss the action. Reserve your next issue early. Your parents may not let you do it later ...

CLASSICFRIED AD NEWS

Our Classicfried Ads Department is really getting tremendous response. We're getting letters in from all over the world—and some that look like they came from outer space. Readers searching for "pen pals" now have an opportunity to correspond with interesting and "hip" people all over the international scene. Send in your snapshots. We will print them if they are suitable for reproduction. Only don't send any valuable snapshots as none can be returned.



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SICK's new Yearbook or is sold out, send 50¢ to

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CUT-OUT DOLL

(The White House will tell us
to cut out this nonsense)

STOCKINGS

Color them mouldy

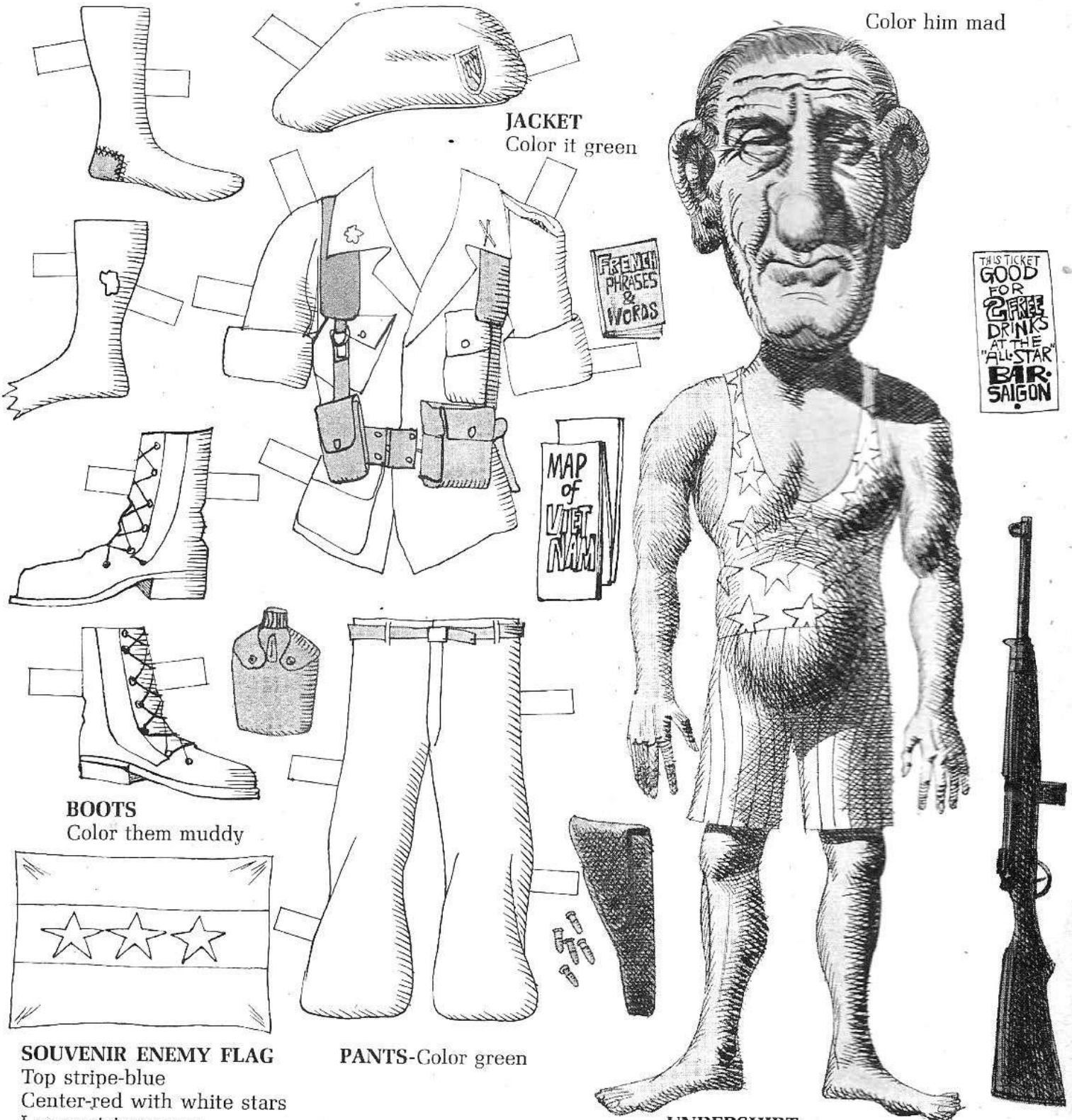
BERET

Color it green

JACKET

Color it green

Color him mad



BOOTS

Color them muddy

SOUVENIR ENEMY FLAG

Top stripe-blue
Center-red with white stars
Lower stripe-green

PANTS-Color green

UNDERSHIRT

Blue background, white stars
Shorts-red and white stripes

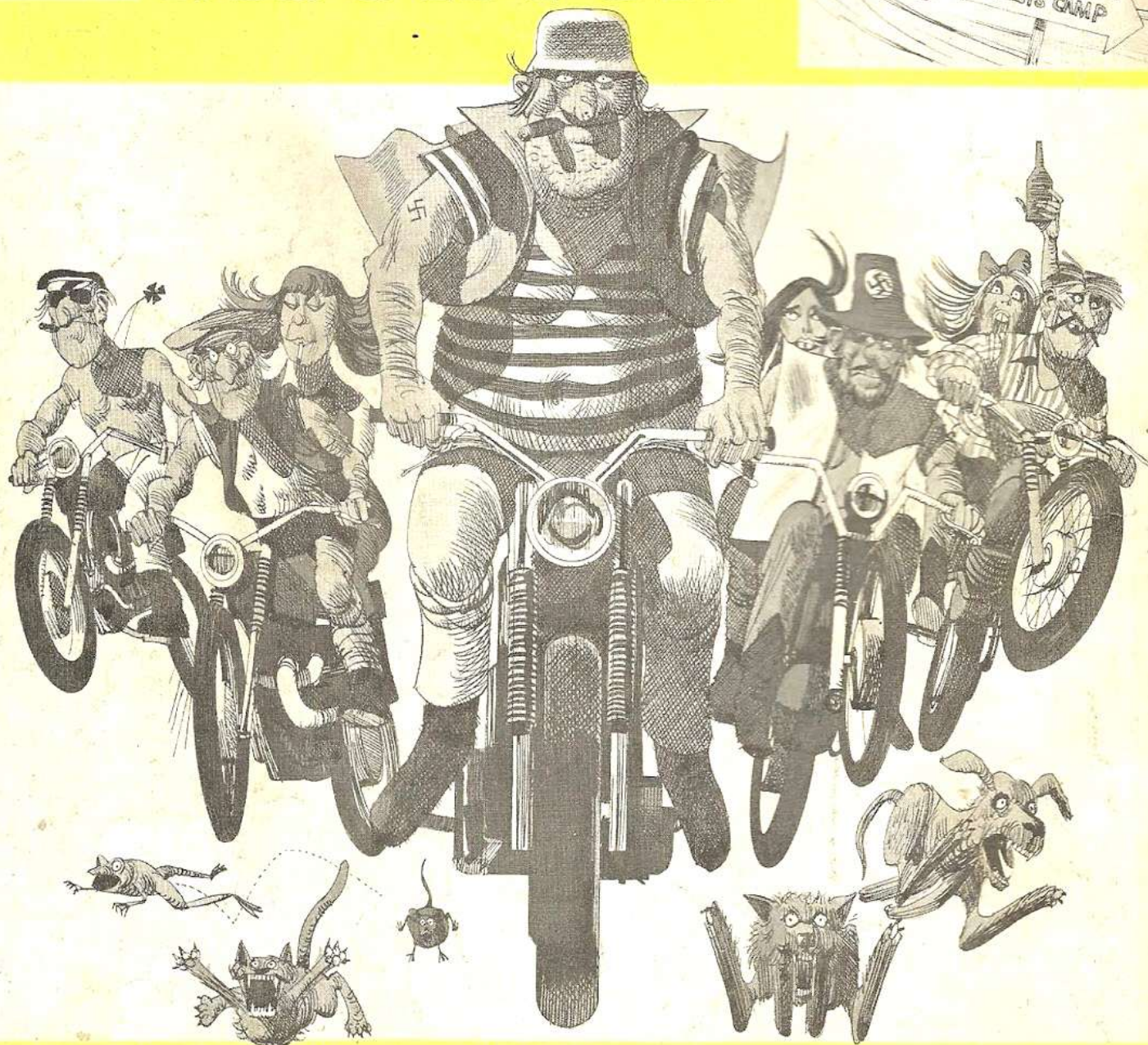


I'm sorry, sir. You expect too much from an economy cruise!

SOME PEOPLE



HAVE SO MUCH FUN



Why don't you buy a Donda and join the crowd? Go to resort areas all over the country. Folsom, Sing Sing, Leavenworth. You'll really be IN with the group. In trouble, that is. You'll have more fun on a Donda--until the guys on those other motorcycles catch you--THE FUZZ!

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